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"LIBERTY, HO NESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

EXPIATORY ATONEMENT, WROUGHT OUT BY AN INCARNATE GOD.

It is said, 'there is but one way of salvation provided, and that is, through an atonement, wrought out by an incarnate God; and if this is rejected, no way of salvation remains.'

Obeserve, now, that every word in this statement is technical, every word,—that is, every word which involves any question,—belongs to a peculiar theological system. The word 'atonement,' though a Scriptural word, is not used here, as we conceive, in a Scriptural sense. What is this statement, then, but a purely human sentence of exclusion? We believe in salvation, through an atonement, that is, a reconciliation to God, wrought out by the teachings and sufferings of Jesus Christ. But what is this that is taught us, and demands to be received on the penalty of perdition for its rejection? An expiatory atonement, wrought out by an incarnate God! Where is the sentence, where are the words to be found in the holy volume?

I said that every word in this statement is technical. It belongs, that is to say, to a humanly devised system. Let us look, for a moment, at the main point,—the atonement.

The law was violated. The penalty was incurred. That penalty, says the theory, or an equivalent, must be inflicted on some one. There could be no pardon without that. To remit the penalty, on the repentance of the transgressor, would be ruin to a moral government. I might say in passing, that I cannot see the force of this conclusion. Repentance, real repentance, seems to me itself the highest homage to law; the fullest acknowledgment and vindication of its righteousness. Obedience, it is commonly admitted, would have sufficiently honored the law, and rendered the atonement unnecessary. But repentance is obedience so far as it goes, and it is obedience in the most striking form.

But, not to dwell on this, what does the theory allege that God has done? Man has offended, and to show his displeasure, God punishes, not the offender, but an innocent person. Let us avail ourselves of an example to illustrate the whole case. The father of a family makes rules, and annexes a penalty to the violation of them. A beloved child,—every creature of God's family is a creature of his goodness and love,—a beloved child breaks one of these rules. Now suppose, to test the whole theory, that this child repents; he is smitten with sorrow for his offence; and he sues to his father with tears for his forgiveness. Now, by the supposition this child does not need to be punished in order to be reformed; for he is already reformed. His whole soul is melted to gentleness and humility and sweet obedience, and he only asks, implores, that his father will smile upon him. But the father says,—such is the theory,—'I cannot; it does not consist with my justice; my authority will be destroyed if I do; you must suffer under my frown all your days, unless some one will bear this penalty, or what is equivalent, for you.'

Reader, I ask you to look at it, and to tell me,—let your heart tell me,—if you would admire, or revere, or love such an inexorable being as this parent. Would this be a language that would exalt him in your esteem, or in that of any rational creature?

But let us now advance another step, and we come to that atonement which the theory insists upon. The father cannot pardon till he punishes,—that is, cannot pardon at all. In this exigency, an innocent and lovely child, who has neither done nor deserved any harm, comes forward and offers to endure whatever the parent is pleased to inflict, to obtain release for his brother. The offer is accepted; the penalty, or an equivalent, is laid upon the innocent head; and now the father is pleased, and smiles upon his beseeching child.

I ask the reader again,—could you admire such a parent? Or could you do the same thing,—could you do it at all?—but could you, I ask, do it, without drawing upon you the indignation of all who know you? And yet this is the exhibition of the Infinite Father, without which it is said that we cannot love him!

Let it not be said, that in rejecting this tremendous interpretation of the Scriptures, I reject the Scripture doctrine concerning the sufferings of Jesus. There were purposes to be answered by his sufferings. And for accomplishing these purposes his sufferings were necessary. He 'must needs suffer' the things he did. There was a moral necessity for his death; his death was a moral means of our forgiveness. 'Without the shedding of blood there is no remission.' But all this is different from the gratuitous and revolting interpretation against which I am contending; an interpretation which, whatever other claims it may have, seems to me, beyond expression, unsuitable to awaken piety or to promote true virtue.—*Dewey.*

WHAT DO WE BELIEVE? WHAT DO OUR OPPONENTS BEEIEVE? AND WHY ARE WE DESIROUS TO EXTEND OUR OWN FAITH?

We, who reject the whole system which among Protestants has been denominated 'Orthodoxy,' as a system of the most pernicious errors, are charged by its defenders with depriving Christianity of all its value, with contemning all its peculiar doctrines, with rejecting all but its name. What is it, then, that we believe; and what is it that our opponents believe?

Christianity, we believe, has taught men to know God, and has revealed him as the Father of his creatures. It has made known his infinite perfections, his providence, and his moral government. It has directed us to look up to Him as the Being, on whom we and all things are entirely dependent, and to look up to Him with perfect confidence and love. It has made known to us that we are to live for ever; it has brought life and immortality to light. Man was a creature of this earth, and it has raised him to a far nobler rank, and taught him to regard himself as an immortal being, the child of God. It calls the sinner to reformation and hope. It affords to virtue the highest possible sanctions. It gives to sorrow its best, and often its only consolation. It presents us, in the life of our great Master, with an example of that moral perfection, which is to be the constant object of our exertions. It has established the truths which it teaches, upon evidence the most satisfactory. It is a most glorious display of the benevolence of the Deity, and of his care for the beings of this earth. It has lifted the veil which separated God from his creatures, and this life from eternity.

But all this, it seems, is nothing; unless it also teach, that there are three persons who constitute the one God; or at least that there is some threefold distinction, we know not what, in the Divinity; that one of these persons or distinctions was united in a most incomprehensible manner to the human nature of Christ, so that the sufferings of the latter were the sufferings of the former; and that it is only through these sufferings of the Son of God, that we may hope for the mercy of his Father. The religion of joy and consolation will, it is contended, lose its value, unless it announce to us, that we are created under the wrath and curse of God; that it is impossible for us to perform his will, unless our moral natures be created anew; and that this is a favor denied to far the greater part of men, who are required to perform what he has made it morally impossible they should perform, with the most unrelenting rigor, and under penalty of the most terrible and everlasting torments. Such doctrines as these, are represented as the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, those from which it derives its value; and our opponents appear to think, that if nothing better was to be effected than to make God known to men, to reveal to them his paternal character, to bring life and immortality to light, and to furnish the highest motives to virtue, it was not worth while for the Deity to interpose in a special manner to effect purposes so unimportant.

The doctrines which we believe to be established by Christianity, are doctrines of inestimable value. The question of their truth is one which interests us most deeply. Our happiness and our virtue are at stake on the decision. If they are not true, we are miserable indeed. The brute, satisfied with the enjoyments of the present day, has a preferable tenure of existence to that of man, if they are both to perish together. But if these doctrines are true, there is a prospect displayed before us inconceivably glorious and delightful. They are truths which it was worthy of God to teach. Look again at the doctrines which we are opposing. Are these doctrines of any importance or value? Is it important to our virtue and happiness that there should be a threefold distinction in the divine nature; or that the mercy of God which is extended towards us, should have been purchased with the blood of his Son? Is it desirable for us to be satisfied that our natures are so depraved, that, till they are changed by the act of God, we can do nothing to please him? Examine the creeds of what is called Orthodoxy; and read the summary of obligations, which these creeds teach us that we lie under to God as our Maker. What obligations would be due from his creatures to a being who had formed them under his 'displeasure and curse,' made them 'bond-slaves to Satan,' and 'justly liable,'—the absurdity is as gross as the impiety,—'to all punishments in this world, and in that which is to come.' With what feelings might such creatures justly regard their Maker? What is the character which they would have a right to ascribe to him? It would be mockery to ask, if it be desirable that this doctrine should be true; or if Christianity would lose its value, should it appear that it taught no such doctrine.

It is because we have a strong conviction of the inestimable importance of true religion to human virtue and happiness, and, therefore, desire to promote its influence, that we wish men to know and believe that these are not the doctrines of Christianity. It is because God ought to be the object of our perfect veneration and love, that we revolt at doctrines which confound and darken our ideas of his nature, which represent one person in the Deity as exacting, and another as submitting to the punishment of our offences; and at other doctrines far worse than these, which, if it were possible for them to have their full influence upon the mind, would make God an object of utter horror and detestation. We believe that the great truths of religion, taught by Christianity, are the foundation of public and private happiness, of the good order of well regulated society, of purity of morals, of our domestic enjoyments, of all that is most generous and most disinterested in the human character, of all those qualities which endear man to man; that they may make life cheerful and reconcile us to death; and that it is on these that the character must be formed, which will fit us for heaven;—and it is, therefore, that we wish them to be presented to men such as they really are, free from the gross errors which human folly and perversity have connected with them,—errors that have prevented their reception, and essentially counteracted their influence.—*Norton.*

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST ILLUSTRATED.

Suppose that a father, in a distant part of the country, had a family of sons, all dear to him. Suppose that all of them, save one, who remained at home with him, had wandered away into the world to seek their fortunes, and that in the prosecution of that design, they had come to one of our cities. Suppose that, in process of time, they yield to the temptations that surround them, and become dissolute and abandoned, and are sunk into utter misery—first one, and then another, till all are fallen. From time to time, dark and vague rumors had gone back to their country home, that all was not well; and their parent had been anxious and troubled. He thought of it in sleepless nights; but what could he do? He desired one and another of his neighbors, going down to the great city, to see his sons, and tell him of their estate. On their return they speak to him in those reserved and doubtful terms, that sear a parent's heart: one messenger after another speaks in this manner; till at length, evasion is no longer possible, and the father learns the dreadful truth, that his sons are sunk into the depths of vice, debasement, and wretchedness. Then, at last, he says to his only remaining, and beloved son, 'Go and save thy brethren.' Let me observe to you here, that nothing is more common in the books of Divinity, than comparisons of this uature; and that it is not, of course, designed to imply anything in such comparisons of the relative rank of the parties. The father says, 'go and save thy brethren.' Moved by compassion, that son comes to the great city. He seeks his unhappy brethren in their miserable haunts; he labors for their recovery. Ere long, a fearful pestilence spreads itself in the city. Shall the heroic brother desist from his task? No; he labors on; night and day he labors; till, in the noisome abodes of vice, poverty, and misery, he takes the infectious disease, and dies. He dies for the salvation of his brethren.

Now what is the language of this sacrifice on the part of the father, what is it on the part of the son, and what is it to those unhappy objects of this interposition?

On the part of the father, it was unspeakable compassion. It was also, constructively, an expression of his displeasure against vice—of the sense he entertained of the evil into which his sons had fallen. On the part of the son, it was a like conviction and compassion, and a willingness to die for the recovery of his brethren. What would it be to those guilty brethren? What would it be especially, if by dying for them, he recovered them to virtue, restored them to their father's arms, and to a happy life? 'Ah! our brother'—they would say, 'he died for us—he died that we might live. His blood has cleansed us from sin. By his stripes, by his groans, by his pains, we are healed. Dearly beloved brother! we will live in memory of thy virtues, and in honor of thy noble sacrifice.' Nor, my friends, is there one word of reliance or gratitude in the New Testament applied to the sacrifice of Jesus, which persons thus circumstanced, and with a Jewish education, would not apply to just such an interposition as we have supposed. If, then, we have put a case which meets and satisfies all the Scriptural language to be explained, have we not put a case that embraces the essential features of the great atonement?

THE WONDERFUL CHANGE IN THE MINDS OF THE APOSTLES AFTER THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF JESUS.

Are we speaking of the same men who in Gethsemane's garden forsook their Lord and fled—who in the Temple Court denied him to his face—who, when he was led to the Cross, abandoned him in terror, and when he died there, laid their heads in the dust, because their poor ambition was fallen to the earth? Are they the same men, who in the Gospels are narrow-minded, ambitious, and false—that in the Acts of the Apostles come forth bold, resolute, spiritual witnesses for Jesus, and dauntless martyrs to his truth? We can scarcely believe that we are reading of the same men, when we turn from the page of the Evangelists to the record of their deeds, *after* the Death and the Ascension of the Christ annihilated their errors, and the Spirit of Truth and of God had fallen upon them. Contrast the prayer,—'Lord grant us to sit on thy right hand and on thy left in thy kingdom,' or, 'Lord wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?'—with this, 'Lord, thou, thou art God, which hast made Heaven and Earth, and the Sea, and all that in them is; who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things? The kings of the Earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a truth against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Isreal, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done: And now, Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word; by stretching forth thine hand to heal, and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child Jesus!' How came this difference? What passed over them and turned them into new men? The Spirit of Truth had come unto them, that great Comforter, the Spirit of understanding and of God; they saw it all, and they were worldly and weak no more, but strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might? And this Comforter never again left them; the truth broke upon them and became their stay for ever,—it was the Spirit of God dwelling in them, and abiding for ever, his imperishable light in the soul, once given never to be withdrawn. It was just the difference between Spiritual light and Spiritual darkness, in their effect upon character. It was just the difference between the spirit that is of the world, and the spirit that is of God. It was just the difference between our nature when it is right and when it is wrong with God; when it is stumbling in darkness, the dupe of illusions, when it is furnished with everlasting principles, and walking in the light of life. In the Gospels they are men palsied by the feebleness of error—in the Acts of the Apostles they are men omnipotent in the power of Truth. Is this change in their characters capable of being accounted for? Yes, if you grant the facts of Christ's history,—but not otherwise. How otherwise you are to get across the chasm between the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, I know not. Take those facts as causes, and the bridge is easy. What a step is it from the fishermen of Galilee to the Apostles of Christ—from the ignorance of Jewish peasants, to the Communicators of the mightiest impulse that Society has ever felt, the agents of the mightiest influence that ever Providence has put forth upon the soul of man,—the creators of new institutions, new forms of character, new civil relationships;—before whose preaching religions and empires fell,—at whose word Liberty first started into life, not as a spirit of opposition, but as the gentle child of brotherhood and love,—and who are still in the monuments they have left behind them, the heralds of human progress and the revolutionizers of the world! Who will deny that the spirit of God was here? Not we: we are ready to maintain it against the world.—Who denies that the spirit of God still accompanies his Gospel? Not we: we believe it in the depths of our hearts. How wonderful the impulse, these men gave, and still give to the heart of the world! What difficulties had they to conquer! their own characters, and violent prepossessions—and they conquered these. The curse of the Priest, the arm of the Ruler, the scoff of the People—and they conquered these. The attractions of Heathenism: the licentiousness of its morality; the gracefulness of its idolatry; its religion for the senses; its philosophy for the sceptre; its indifference to speculative truth; its equal regard for all gods, and all forms of worship that would only be content to dwell together in peace,—and they conquered these. Think of this wonderful History, and say whether you can explain it except as the New Testament explains it. What would account for the fortunes of the Apostles, if Christianity was not from God? The world of Causes and Effects is but a game of Chance, if such things can be, and their origin an accidental imagination, their foundation a falsehood or a dream. Who will account for such men being enlightened against their own wills, and forced into the front ranks of humanity contrary to their own desires—if the history is not true? But rob not the History of its true power—take not the spirit of life out of the gospel—by telling us of a third person in the Trinity whom Jesus sent to supplant the free minds of the Apostles. No, it was the free spirit of God acting upon the free spirit of men, that opened their eyes to see the things that were hidden from them before; and they walked forth in the light of these wondrous events, and looked now upon their Christ as those from whose spiritual sight the bandage of the world had been taken away.—*J. H. Thom.*

RELIGION IS HAPPINESS.

I have observed, that with most orthodox preachers the interests of this world are set in opposition to the interests of the world to come. One of the great tests of piety which they propose to their hearers is, whether they 'can give up the world.' The objects and blessings of the future world are often represented by them as at war with the objects and blessings of the present. To secure both, if we may judge from their current language, they deem impossible. Dr. Watts thus expresses the sentiment:

'I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all;'

as if making his God his all was not at once securing, in the highest degree, both his mortal and immortal interest. In the eyes of the popular theology, there seems to be little that is lovely upon the face of the earth. It is an accursed spot, stricken with the vengeance of God, and encumbered with the footsteps of an outcast race. It is 'a dark world,' and 'a vile world,' and 'a worthless world.' Disparaging epithets seem easily and abundantly to grow out of the popular creed and the popular way of thinking. 'The men of this world,' we all know, is a current phrase of the pulpit for sinful and unregenerate men. To enjoy this world, to delight in it, is an offence to the religion of the day.

With these ideas is naturally associated, in the next place, the equally limited notion, that religion is an unhappiness. A life of religion is considered, by multitudes, as a kind of penance. It is the relinquishment of a present for a future good. Piety, as men are generally led to suppose, is a most undesirable attainment. Duty is an irksome labor. Self-denial is an unwelcome, joyless task. The men of sensual pleasure, it is imagined, would be fully entitled to boast over the men of religion, if it were not for the compensations of a future state.

Now, all this seems to me a low and narrow way of thinking. Religion is happiness. It has the promise of the life that *now* is, as well as that which is to come. It enables us to make the most of this world and of the future, at the same time. The interests of the two worlds are not at all incompatible, not at all opposite. Nay, they are essentially involved in each other. No man can enjoy the best of this life, who does not best prepare for the future. Honesty is the best policy; virtue is the only peace; piety enhances all the joys of life. To behold the glory of God in all things—to commune with him through the medium of all that he has made and all that he appoints—to walk in an abiding peace with our own conscience—to indulge in none but virtuous pursuits and rational pleasures—to be benevolent and kindly affectioned, and contented and humble—to receive the gifts of God with perpetual thankfulness—to grow in purity and devotion, with a progress as constant as that of life—this is the only true and infallible way of enjoying the present world; and this, surely, is the preparation for a better world to come.

It is lamentable that a narrow sense and a dark theology have perpetuated among us so many of the notions of ascetic superstition and Popish penance—that they have thrown a veil over the brightness of life, and marred its beauty and joy. Enough of evil we have to endure without our own preposterous *devices* to be miserable—enough to need all the constancy and cheerfulness and powerful support of religion—and enough have men to contend with the acquisition of a true piety, to need all the animating expectation of an unspeakable and present happiness.—Let all men know that heaven begins where virtue and piety begin their heavenly course; let them be instructed concerning the kingdom of heaven, neither to say, 'lo, here! nor lo, there! for the kingdom of heaven is within them.'

THE BEST WAY TO AFFECT THE CONSCIENCE.

I believe that many of the most popular representations of sin and its punishment, while they awe and shock the mind, do not really touch the conscience and the heart. On this point of close and thorough dealing with the conscience, I know that orthodox preachers consider the pre-eminence as conceded to them; but I must call the claim in question. To say, or to imply, as they must do, that the majority of those whom they address is composed of persons utterly depraved:—to say that sin is an infinite evil—that every sin deserves an infinite punishment—that the sins of every day and hour deserves the everlasting damnation of hell, and that every unconverted man ought to lie down every night with this conviction,—to say these things, is, I believe, a very doubtful way of affecting the conscience. Reflecting and independent minds will rise up against such doctrine: the weak, indeed, may bow down, bnt it will be the prostration of the superstitious, and not of the contrite. Let the preacher, instead of dealing in these imposing generalities, descend and lay a skilful hand upon the sins of the passions and the senses, and of the heart that God alone seeth, and he will do a more effectual work. Of the same nature is the common representation of sinners, as having '*a contest and a controversy with the Almighty.*' Men lend an incredulous ear to such charges. They do not feel them to be true. They are not conscious of entering into any such impious warfare with God. We all know that we are sinners; and if we are told so in simple terms, with searching applications, and affectionate remonstrances, we may deeply feel it. But it avails little to bring down upon us charges of such dreadful and incredible guilt and insanity—of 'hating God,' and 'wishing to tear him from his throne,' &c. I doubt not that such monstrous doctrines have been preached concerning God, as have awakened the abhorrence of conscience, and of every moral and just sentiment of the human heart. But this abhorrenee was directed, not against the true character of God, but against a frightful picture of the imagination. Men have imagined, no doubt, that they hated God, but it was a false Deity that they hated. It is true, that, in the scriptures, men are called 'the enemies of God;' but this is only by construction, and ought to be explained. They are enemies of God only as they are enemies of God's laws, of virtue, of conscience, of their own welfare.

And as destroyers of their own welfare, I may add, are they punished, as the voluntary authors of tempers and habits which carry their own misery and punishment with them. This view of the subject addresses at once a man's reason and conscience and experience, and works conviction. To awaken horror is a different thing. This may be done by the description of elemental fires, of writhing in eternal flames, of the breath of the Almighty kindling the heated furnace of his wrath. All this may scare the imagination of the sinful man; but it will come nearer to him to tell him that God, instead of inflicting vengeance on him as a vindictive executioner, will as a pitying Father, leave him to the consequences of his wickedness. It will come nearer, far nearer to him, to point him to the curse of sinful habits, to the anguish of remorse, to that hell whose fires he is already kindling in his own bosom. Believe me, the religion that shall affect a man must not be dressed up in technical phrases, mustn ot propound indiscriminate notions and illiberal dogmas to him, nor strive to encompass him with horrors from which his sense and reason revolt. It cannot be imposed upon him, but must be wrought in him by his own free, willing, cheerful endeavors.

INTEMPERANCE IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

If you would mark the misery which this vice infuses into the cup of domestic happiness, go with me to one of those nurseries of crime, a common tippling shop, and there behold collected till midnight, the Fathers, the Husbands, the Sons, and the Brothers of a neighborhood. Bear witness to the stench and the filthiness around them. Hearken to the oaths, the obscenity, and the ferocity of their conversation. Observe their idiot laugh; record the vulgar jest with which they are delighted, and tell me what potent sorcery has so transformed these men, that for this loathsome den, they should forego all the delights of an innocent and lovely fireside.

But let us follow some of them home from the scene of their debauch. There is a young man whose accent, and gait, and dress, bespeak the communion which he once has held with something better than all this. He is an only son. On him, the hopes of parents and of sisters have centered. Every nerve of that family has been strained to give to that intellect, of which they all were proud, every opportunity for the choicest cultivation. They have denied themselves, that nothing should be wanting to enable him to enter his profession under every advantage. They gloried in his talents, they exulted in the first buddings of his youthful promise, and they were looking forward to the time when every labor should be repaid, and every self-denial rewarded, by the joys of that hour, when he should stand forth in all the blaze of well earned and indisputable professional pre-eminence. Alas, these visions are less bright than once they were!

Enter that family circle. Behold those aged parents surrounded by children lovely and beloved. Within that circle reign peace, virtue, intelligence, and refinement. The evening has been spent in animated discussion, in harmless pleasantry, and in the sweet interchange of affectionate endearment. There is one who used to share all this, who was the centre of this circle. Why is he not here? Do professional engagements of late so estrange him from home? The hour of devotion has arrived. They kneel before their Father and their God. A voice that used to mingle in their praises is absent. An hour rolls away. Where now has all that cheerfulness fled? Why does every effort to rally sink them deeper in despondency? Why do those parents look so wistfully around, and why do they start at the sound of every footstep? Another hour has gone. That lengthened peal is too much for a mother's endurance. She can conceal the well known cause no longer. The question which no one answers is wrung from her lips, where, oh where, is my son?

The step of that son and brother is heard. The door is opened. He staggers in before them, and is stretched out at their feet, in all the loathsomeness of beastly intoxication.

But yonder is a father, and a husband. Let us follow him to that house, no longer a home, where a lonely and heart broken wife sits cowering over the embers, and with her half starved offspring, awaits with trembling the noise of his approach. Look at that woman. She was once a lovely and an honored bride, and she united her destinies with one who was then every way worthy of her affection. Look at those hagged and neglected children. They have tasted the sweets of competency, and have heard the soft accents of a father's love. And now look at that bloated and loathsome wretch, holding fast to the half opened door, at whose howl this whole group tremble. He was the object of that woman's love. He was the father of those helpless little ones. But do not yet curse him. He was once as far removed from all this, as any one of you who now hear me. He once loved that wife, and doated on those children. The recollection of these things has already enkindled the fires of hell in his bosom. The mark of Cain is upon him, and his punishment is even now greater than he can bear. But how came this fabric of happiness crushed to so hopeless, so remediless a ruin? How came this father, this man of honest worth, and of affectionate sympathies, thus transformed into an abhorred and self-abhorring fiend? Ah! I need not say that there is but one cause sufficient to work so thorough, so awful a transformation. It is this moral suicide of which I have been speaking.—*Wayland.*

THE OBJECTION, THAT UNITARIANISM DOES NOT MEET THE WANTS OF HUMAN NATURE, CONSIDERED.

It is said, that the religion, which Unitarianism teaches, does not meet the wants of human nature, that it does not satisfy the mind, that it fails as a support and comfort to the soul. I recur to the observation, that it is perfectly natural that this objection should be brought against new views of religion, simply because they are new, and whether they are true or not; and therefore, that no strange thing happens to them, when they are thus regarded. If you take away some parts of a religion on which men have relied, you take away some part of their reliance, and they cannot feel for a time, as if anything else would be such a support and satisfaction to them. This will be especially true, if you introduce simpler, and more rational ideas of religion. The Jew could say to the Christian, 'how many feasts, and holy-days, and Sabbaths, and new moons, and rites, and ordinances, on which my sould relied, have you removed from me?' The Catholic could say of the Protestant, 'where, alas! are the masses, and the confessionals, and the comfortable absolutions, and the intercessions of saints, for *him*!' And things of the same import, concerning the more doctrinal aspects of religion, may the Calvinist say to the Unitarian. But the Christian and the Protestant could reply to their respective opponents, 'We have a reliance as sure and satisfactory as yours; and more sound and spiritual, as we judge.' And so may the Unitarian say to the Calvinist.

But let us go into the real merits of the case. What is a foundation and a support in religion, and whence does true comfort arise? Our Savior speaks of a foundation, when he says, 'he that heareth my words and doeth them, I will liken to a wise man'—whose house fell not, because it was founded on a rock.' Surely, Unitarians no not reject this foundation. 'But our own endeavors and virtues are not sufficient of themselves.' Certainly not; and Unitarians may rely, as unfeignedly as their brethren, on the mercy of God, and they sincerely profess to do so. This satisfies them. To say, that it does not satisfy the demands of a different theology, is only saying that the speculations of the two classes differ. 'But,' it may be contended, 'it does not satisfy the wants of human nature.' This is a matter of which every one must judge from the feelings of his own mind. As the Unitarian experiences human nature, he would say that the simple promise of God's mercy and aid to his humble endeavors does give all needful satisfaction. A certain theory of the divine government may not be satisfied—the superstitious wants of human nature may not be satisfied; but the Unitarian believes that its real wants are.

But I go farther; though I would say what I am about to say, with all reasonable and fair qualifications. I feel obliged to use increasing caution in all general representations. There are men too intelligent and good in every class of Christians, to be very much affected by a formal creed. Nevertheless, I have not a doubt, that there are many to whom the popular religion furnishes grounds of support and satisfaction, which are not right and rational grounds. The regular plan and process of religious experience, the defined steps and dates—an exact time and moment of conversion, and the certainty of salvation after that,—the efficacy of the act of faith, distinguished as it often is from the general efficacy of a holy life,—'the view of Christ,' and of the atonement as relieving the sinner from his burden: 'the rolling off of the burden of sin,' as it is often called,—the notions of a foundation, and a hope, and a joy, disconnected as they are from the result of long-tried virtue and piety—the idea of the Holy Spirit as alone doing the 'effectual work' of salvation in man—doing it by a special interposition after all the sinner's efforts are over, and he is brought to despair of himself—these views, as I believe, furnish a fallacious support, and comfort, and relief, to many. I would lay a weight upon man's responsibility—which is, no doubt, disagreeable to him. I would tell a sinful man, that anxiety is more becoming to him than confidence and repose. He is indeed to confide and repose in the mercy of God and the interposition of Christ; but these no more avail him, than to tell him that there is wealth in store for his industry. It is, so far as his own part is concerned—it is industry, it is working, continual working, daily accumulation, that is to make him rich towards God. I

would tell him that believing is virtually the same as doing; and that it is this doing, this constant doing, and this alone, that can roll away the burden of sin. In short, I would say that for a sinful man to attain to the favor of God and to heaven, is the same as for an intemperate man to attain to sobriety and virtue—that it is what he must do, every day and hour, day by day and hour by hour, striving, watching, guarding, praying, keeping himself under perpetual restraint, till he is redeemed from his iniquity. In other words, I would strive to represent this matter rationally; and would say, that the sinner is to become a holy man, just as the ignorant is to become a learned man, by little and little, by constant accumulations, by gaining one truth to-day, and another to-morrow, by perpetual progress.

Now I do not deny that these things, in the general, are taught by Calvinists, but then I maintain that they are commonly taught in such a way, that they are so mixed up with certain doctrines, as that their pressure upon the soul is relieved: so that a man does not feel that he is to become a Christian just as he is to become a rich man, or a skilful, or a wise man. He does not feel this pressure of necessity upon him, every morning, and lie down with this anxiety every night, as the seeker of learning or wealth does. Alas! few feel this as they ought to do! But this is what we should strive to make men feel. And we ought to sweep away all doctrines that stand in the way of this. We should allow of no peace; we should hear of no summary method, no parcelling out of the matters of religious experience, that will make it a different thing from the daily, plain, practical, unwearied doing of every thing a man ought to do. No believing of creeds, no paying of contributions, no regular and stated prayers, no oft-repeated confessions, proper as these are in their place—no atonement, nor election, nor special grace, nor perseverance, true as they are when truly explained—should save a man from the pressure of this instant necessity.

I conceive that the reason why Calvinism offers more support to many minds is, that it is a more artificial system, and approaches less nearly to the simple truth. It is too much a religion of seasons and times, of fixtures and props, of reliefs and substitutions, of comforts and confidences. And I am persuaded that the Roman Catholic religion would much better answer the purpose of supporting and satisfying minds, in the state now supposed. There have been, not long since, some distinguished converts in Germany to the Catholic faith. I could easily conceive of one of them as saying, —'here at last I find rest; I find certainty and refuge in the infallibility and absolution of the Holy Church. This, too, is the accumulated support of ages, built on the virtues and sufferings of fathers, and confessors, and martyrs. How, also, am I affected with the real presence of the body of Christ in the sacrament, with the guardianship of saints, and the interceding tenderness of the Holy Mother! I never was so impressed with any religion as this. I never found such joy and peace in any. This is the religion for a sinner! This is what my depraved and burdened nature wanted!'

'Yes,' replies the sound Protestant, 'but it would not move me, nor support, nor comfort me. The impressiveness of a religion does not depend, altogether, upon its truth or falsehood, but very much on the state of the mind that receives it.' And this is what we answer to the Calvinist. We say that Calvinism would make no kindly nor renewing impression on us. And as to comfort and support, it seems to us in some of its features, the most cheerless and desolate of all systems.—*Dewey.*

For the Register and Observer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN ASHBY.

We have lately had a visit from Rev. Mr Gray, Agent of the Sabbath School Society, and you may be assured, he was received with a cordial welcome.

Notice having been previously given of Mr Gray's coming, we assembled in the church, on one of the pleasantest afternoons in autumn. Here was a happy sight. Hither had come many of all ages—had come two, three, four, five miles. The farmer had left his work, the merchant his store, the mechanic his shop, the mother her home, the teacher and pupil their school, children their play, to come up to the house of God, to hear from the lips of experience and wisdom, of the blessings of the Sunday School. All came with bright and animated countenances, which bespoke the interest they felt. The children, from 130 to 150 in number, were arranged into classes with their teachers, occupying the two middle rows of pews in the body of the house; and the lower part of the church was well filled with an attentive audience.

The services commenced with a hymn; Mr Gray then offered a prayer, which was followed by another hymn. The superintendant read a report of the condition, management and prospects of the School. Another hymn was sung, and Mr Gray arose and addressed the meeting. His remarks were happily adapted to the occasion. He told us he came in behalf of the Sunday School Society, by whom we were remembered with much affection and interest; that he came as a Christian friend and brother. He addressed the children, explained to them the object of the Sunday School and why they should come—to teach and be taught, to inspire and have the soul inspired with, the principles of religion. He told them they were all seeking happiness and peace, and what would make them happy—that was, love to God and Christ—that was, religion. He assured them that nothing without--their learning, wealth, fame—could give joy and peace to their souls; but that religion would make them happy in all circumstances, changes and afflictions, in life and death, in time and eternity. He alluded to some touching incidents, that had come under his own observation, of children and youth who had died happy in their faith in that religion, which had been infused into their souls in the Sunday School.

Mr Gray, after having briefly addressed the teachers, (intending to say more to them in the evening) closed with some important remarks to parents on the duty of placing their children within the influence of Sunday School instruction and giving them a thorough religious education. And here he alluded to some more touching facts in illustration of this part of his subject, which must have come home to the hearts of all parents.

After the address another hymn was sung; then a prayer was offered, which was followed by an anthem, and the services closed with a benediction. The hymns, though five in number were short, none having more than two verses, and some only one. All left the house satisfied, and, it is to be hoped, profited.

In the evening Mr Gray met the teachers and addressed them on the nature and importance of their office—the manner and spirit in which they should enter upon it and come to their classes. He told them they must have faith and love, and bring with them the influence of a holy example. He urged the importance of teachers' meetings, spoke of the encouragements and discouragements of teachers, exhorted all to labor with faithfulness and diligence, looking forward to a crown of glory in the world to come.

Mr Gray's visit among us will long be remembered. There is but one opinion about it —that is expressed, in the oft repeated saying, 'We must certainly have such a visit again next year.' We cheerfully give our testimony in favor of the agency of the Sabbath School Society. We believe it will do much to cheer and animate our Sunday Schools. It will give us the sympathy we need, and cause many hearts to rejoice and many souls to be encouraged.

A SUPERINTENDANT.

A WORD TO POLITICIANS.

Ye would be numbered among your country's benefactors; be then what ye profess to be, the benefactors of your country. Ye inveigh continually against hypocrisy in religion, and in this we cordially join with you. But tell us, can any hypocrisy be more disgusting than that which is raging perpetual changes on the sacred names of country, and principles, and freedom, and patriotism, when every reflecting man knows that ye believe not the one half of what ye utter, and are only promoting the interests of a particular party, or grasping at the emoluments of an ardently desired office.

And here permit me to remark, that unless I have utterly misjudged, a laxity of sentiment is liable to prevail to a most alarming degree upon this very important subject. It seems now almost taken for granted, that a man who takes any share in political arrangements must, under all circumstances, act with his party, let them act right or wrong. Forswearing, at the outset, allegiance to conscience and to common sense, he must obey his political leader, let him commend what he will; and applaud or decry a citizen in office or a candidate for office, not on account of his merits or demerits, but because he is or is not numbered with the adherents to a particular name. And, what is worse than all, I fear that there are not wanting professors of the religion of Jesus Christ to whom these remarks do in simple truth apply.

Now whether a Christian may or may not be a politician, I have no question whatever to raise. It must be left to his own conscience and to the providence of God, and may be innocent, or praise-worthy, or wrong, according to the circumstance of the particular case. But this question decided, we beg leave to say, that a Christian has no right, any where, or under any circumstances, to be any thing else than a Christian. He must ask about a political as well as about any other act, the question, is it right or wrong? and by the answer of that question must he be guided. It is just as wicked to lie about politics as to lie about merchandise. It is just as immoral to act without reference to the law of God, at a caucus, as anywhere else. To perfer our own interests or the interests of party to that of our country, is treason against that country,and sin against God. And it matters not whether that treason be perpetrated with a ballot or a bayonet, at the caucus or in the field. And still more, no man can more surely be putting an end to his religion, than by frequenting any circle which he must enter without his religion. That man may yet find himself in eternity without his religion, and it may not be there quite so easy as it is on earth to resume it. '*There* is no shuffling.', 'Whosoever denieth me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven.'

Let us then by faith anticipate the judgment day, and whilst we labor without ceasing for the welfare of our country, fix our eye steadfastly on the morning of the resurrection, and look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1840.

CLERICAL INDEPENDENCE.

Among the various thoughts and speculations, which have been thrown out during the last few years, respecting our social religious institutions and the manner in which they have been conducted and administered, much has been said first and last, about the independence of the clergy. They have been denounced, in some cases, by travellers from abroad, as well as by domestic reformers, as wanting in independence and manliness, as refusing from interested motives, to come out boldly and fairly upon many topics they ought to discuss, as failing in short to adapt their instructions to the wants and demands of the times. Now this is a change, which it is easy to make, but difficult to prove and still more difficult to disprove; for denunciation is always easy, the vindication even of innocence often difficult. For ourselves, we very much doubt whether there is any real foundation for the charge, in the unqualified and sweeping form in which some have seen fit to make or imply it. We suspect that they whose opinion is most to be relied upon, whose knowledge of society is the most extensive, whose discernment of character is the most discriminating, and whose judgment is calm and wise, we suspect that they would agree in the conclusion that the clergy of this country of all denominations are on the whole pretty independent in the exercise and fulfilment of their office, that they preach as they think and feel, and what they think and feel. Time-servers and sycophants may undoubtedly be found in the pulpit, as in every other profession and calling of life. Prudence also may occasionally degenerate into timidity. These cases however must be acknowledged to be rare, and altogether insufficient to sustain a general charge against the character of the whole profession. What is independent preaching? It is preaching one's honest opinions and convictions. It is frankly uttering truths and zealously enforcing duties, which one thinks he ought to utter and enforce. It is also firmly refusing to discuss subjects which one thinks he ought not to discuss, and the discussion of which in the pulpit he thinks will do no good. It is steadily refraining from topics with which one thinks he ought not to meddle, however strong the temptation, or pressure from without, urging him to do so. Now how can any one judge or determine that another is not thus independent in his preaching. Here is one man preaches earnestly, and very frequently, upon rum-selling, and intemperance, upon slaveholding, war and other questions, which are agitating society, politically as well as morally. We are willing to admit that no impure or self-seeking motive, no desire of notoriety, of vain applause, or of the fame of martyrdom, influences him; that a conscientious and disinterested conviction of duty is his only impulse, and that he is independent in obeying it. But here is another man who seldom or never directly discusses these topics in the pulpit,—but contents himself with endeavors to awaken and establish in the breasts of his hearers, those great principles of justice, charity and piety, of love to God and love to man, which shall lead the individual to right conduct, in whatever situation he may be placed. What right have we to say, and how can we determine that this individual is not as independent in *his* course as the other. Because a man does not preach as another man, or an association of men say he ought to preach, because he does not introduce into the desk topics, which they think he ought to introduce, because he does not choose to make his pulpit an arena for the discussion of slavery, or animal magnetism, or whatever else may be the exciting subject of the moment, upheld by an array of names, a multitude of societies and volumes of reports, it does not follow that he is wanting in independence. His very refusal to do this may be an evidence of his independence, and an instance of his obedience to the dictates of his own conscience in opposition to popular clamor. He may think, and think honestly, and there are some certainly, who will agree with him in the opinion, that the pulpit does not now sustain precisely the same relation to the community that it once did, before the multiplication of books, newspapers and public journals. It was then almost the only means of spreading knowledge, of enlightening and influencing public opinion. It might then have been, not only proper, but incumbent upon the minister to introduce into the pulpit any and every thing, that was matter of interest and inquiry, and about to become a subject of public action. But now these things, as they are the germs of strife, contention, and ill-blood, things also about which honest men may honestly differ, can be better, more thoroughly, more wisely discussed in the newspapers and public journals, some one of which are read, and the pulpit reserved, as St. Paul determined he would reserve it, for 'Jesus Christ and him crucified,' for the more immediate instruction of men in personal duties, in Christian graces and virtues.

As a matter of fact, we apprehend, that instead of there being a want of independence in the clergy of this country, there is full enough of it. They are ready enough to preach, not Jesus Christ, but something *new*, something uncommon and out of the way, something startling and exciting, rather than the calm and sober truths, that tend to edifying and sanctification

The very diversities of opinion also, which are known to exist among the clergy themselves, of all denominations, on various subjects of immediate and temporary interest, as well as the wide difference of sentiment there often is in relation to those subjects, between the minister and some of his most valuable parishioners, is an evidence that the clergy are accustomed to think, and act, and determine, each for himself.

What is far more to be dreaded, we apprehend, than any want of indendence in the clergy, is the disposition on the part of large associations, to dictate to, to intimidate and over-awe the clergy, to enlist,or drive them into the advocacy of whatever happens to be the leading enterprise of the moment. Temperance societies send to them to preach temperance. Peace societies to preach against war, anti-slavery societies to preach against slavery, and sometimes denounce and revile them if, preferring to do the good they can in their own way, they do not comply. Men may give heed to calls of this kind, if they choose, but it should only be when their own convictions are in unison with the call. In general, we think, that whatever topic a preacher introduces into the pulpit, he should do it, at his own suggestion, and because his own heart and conscience prompt him to speak about it. Some reference to occasions, and matters of local and temporary interest, is permitted and should be aimed at. If there are any public circumstances or events, that suggest important duties or salutary reflections, that can be made matter of moral instruction and exhortation to all, it is well to have reference to them, and in general advantage is taken of every thing of this kind, that can with propriety be introduced into the pulpit.

But whether a man has reference to these things or not, whether he speak or forbear to speak, upon any such topic, we contend no one is justified in charging him with a want of independence. It may be said he wants tact, judgment, discrimination, that he has let slip a favorable opportunity, but not that he wants independence; for that is deciding upon his motives, and the greatest sin we commit against each other, is in attempting to decide upon these.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. C. WELLBELOVED.

This gentleman, as many of our readers know, was Principal and Theological Tutor of the College at York, England, to which our brethren of that country have been accustomed to look for their ministers, not less exclusively than we have for ours to Cambridge. He became connected with that Institution in 1803, and ever after, during the long period of thirty seven years, till a few months ago, when he resigned his office, he discharged the duties that devolved upon him, with singular fidelity and success. It having become known that it was his intention to retire from that station, his numerous pupils from different parts of the country held a meeting near the close of last year, at which they resolved to present to him some token of their respect and esteem, and appointed a Committee for carrying this object into effect, who immediately caused a subscription to be commenced, the contributions to which were to be, from laymen £5, and from divines, £2. The amount obtained was £300, of which, it was agreed that £100 should be expended in the purchase of a Silver Salver, to bear an inscription expressive of the feelings of the donors, and the other £200 should be presented in a purse, with the plate. The time fixed for the ceremony of offering these tokens of regard, was June 25, 1840. Accordingly, on that day, the Alumni of the College, from all sections of the land, met at York, dined together, and in a very happy manner, presented to their revered Instructer the Testimonials they had caused to be procured. We have before us a full Report of the proceedings, all of which seem to have been of a most interesting character, clearly indicating, among other things, that our Unitarian brethren on the other side of the water are alive to the growing demands upon them for zeal and effort in the cause of freedom, good learning, and a pure religion. From the many excellent speeches made on the occasion we might, had we room, extract much that wonld gratify not a few of our readers; but we must confine ourselves to a single passage from the address of Rev. James Martineau. In order to the better understanding of some of the allusions contained in his remarks, several things should be borne in mind; first, that it had been decided on to remove the College at York to Manchester, which accounts for the speaker's calling it a new institution; next, that by a most unrighteous exclusiveness, Unitarians, in common with all other Dissenters from the Established Church, have ever been debarred from the privilege of being educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and compelled to provide seats of learning for themselves; and again, that recently, by an act of unaccustomed liberality on the part of the Government, the Manchester College has been so connected with the London University that its students can receive the usual Academical Degrees.

'But however willing to linger with the recollections of the past, time and circumstances pass away from us, and oblige us to move on and be prospective, at least, in action; grateful if, at occasional meetings of this kind, we are permitted to be, in sentiment, retrospective. Now, however, it becomes our duty to turn attention to the provision we may be able to make for this institution in the new, and, in some important respects, more favorable circumstances, under which it will exist. We are not without much encouragement to hope that, notwithstanding its removal, we may be enabled to maintain the vigor and realize the best objects, of this institution: and, as the excellent Vice-President (Mr Kentish) has alluded to some proceedings, hitherto imperfectly disclosed, which appear to justify this expectation, with your permission, I will advert to one or two circumstances, warranting the hope that, after another stage of experience, we may again meet together, to rejoice over, at least, an undiminished success. It will, at once, strike every one, that the most encouraging circumstance connected with the new institution, is to be found in the different position now taken by liberal education in this country, and in the improved feeling which is entertained towards those who, without submission to articles or confessions of faith, are anxious to prosecute their studies in the higher departments of literature and science. I imagine that few could have believed, even last year, that we should have in our assembly this day, some students educated at Manchester College, York, who in that capacity, graduated at a British University. Yet some such gentlemen are at this table; and their presence places our new advantages in a more striking contrast with the difficulties which our institution had, in former times, to encounter. The hopelessness of our attempt to obtain the recently granted privilege was often urged upon us by our less sanguine friends, and even until the royal warrant appeared, there were members of our committee who could not bring themselves to believe that we should ever have access to the degrees conferred by the London University. So much had we been accustomed, by long usage, to bear the chains of academical oppression, that some found it impossible to imagine that we were on the eve of being free. I am never, sir, able to advert to the exclusiveness of the established church, in reference to education, without feelings of indignant sympathy with all who suffer by it. Other disabilities, affecting merely our fiscal circumstances and civil rank, are trivial compared with this, which would degrade our intellectual condition; nor does any oppression ever strike me as so insulting as that which makes a monopoly of knowledge, and impairs the moral advantages of large classes of conscientious religionists merely for a difference in their profession of faith. (Hear, and applause.) I would not, indeed, be so uncandid as to forget, that the origin of this distinction has not been in deliberate tyranny and the spirit or exclusion, but was in a great measure accidental; that at the time when the present restrictions were laid down they were not narrow, but practically admitted all the youth of the country; the established church being then *bona fide* the 'national' church. But, when this has long ceased to be the case; when a number of sects have arisen and are increasing amongst us beyond its pale, and the members of the established church persevere in maintaining these distinctions, I do say there is no want of candor in charging, if not the individuals at least the system, with the spirit of persecution. It appears as if the jealous defenders of the church well knew what an instrument of power they thus keep in their own hands, as if they were aware that nothing is so likely to seduce noble and superior natures from the ranks of their opponents, as the prizes of learned ambition, and the career of intellectual fame, and the attractions of studious ease. To draw off the most aspiring minds into the service of the church, and leave to its rivals only the common herd of men, to tempt all the professional classes to follow the parish bell, and let the buyers and sellers to find their way to the conventicle, appears an obvious way of adding dignity to the establishment, and giving to dissent the aspect of a low-minded impertinence. And how better could this be done, than by placing before the youthful student the alternative which has hitherto awaited him, and which, but for the more generous policy of the present government, would await him still? On one hand, magnificent libraries, whose names are familiar in our history, and whose curious stores wise men have crossed Europe to consult; Gothic halls of venerable date, which have sheltered the great and renowned of our country; streams and walks, around which tradition and poetry have spread a classic fascination; crowds of associates in study, numbering among them the future representatives of British wealth and rank; a luxurious gradation of rewards and honors, waiting to give to merit ease and distinction:—on the other, a small sectarian academy, unheard of by the world at large, the reputed oracle of one set of heretics and the aversion of every other; where thirty or forty young men are educated in seclusion, and by the instruction of admirable though unhonored teachers, and the aid of select, of excellent, but inadequate libraries, are prepared for the obscurity of the chapel pulpit:—what wonder,—when such a choice is presented to the immature and sensitive mind, if the rigor of conscience yields to the enchantments of taste and ambition? I can imagine no hierarchal injustice so successful and galling as this, which would at once express and perpetuate towards a large class of the community a feeling of intellectual contempt. We have to thank the government, and not the church, that this exclusiveness has been rendered now comparatively harmless. Those who had taken away the key of knowledge, and—I will not say, refused to enter in themselves,—but at least hindered them that were entering in,—are disappointed in their unworthy aim; the sacred enclosure of knowledge has been thrown open in an unexpected quarter, and a back door at least to the temple made accessible; or rather, over all such back entrances as the intellectual zeal of dissent had already opened, there has been thrown a royal and princely portico through which we can enter unabashed, and manifest a devotion as true as that which seeks the more ancient and first consecrated way. This is a just subject of congratulation; and while greater responsibilities are brought upon us by the change, yet they will, I doubt not, be met with the increased spirit and energy due to our nobler task. We have also to report a very encouraging success, as to the practical arrangements which have been made in Manchester, in reference to the two great departments of academical instruction: in the Classical department, which the Committee might well feel the more anxious rightly to fill, from the remembrance of the individual who has so long shed on it the lustre of his reputation—(great applause;) and also in the Mathematical department, appointments have been virtually made, which, I believe, will give satisfaction to every one competent to form an opinion on the subject. Mr Newman, of the Bristol College, has intimated his acceptance of the office of classical tutor,—a gentleman of whose high qualifications for this office it would ill become me to speak; but of whom it is but justice to say, that while the extent and accuracy of his attainments have attracted the admiration of some of the most eminent scholars of this country, his felicitous method of instruction has secured the attachment of his pupils, and his character won a rare degree of regard for qualities appreciable by the moral sense of all good men. To the Mathematical department Mr Finlay has been appointed; a gentleman who greatly distinguished himself in Trinity College, Dublin, and has been marked by more than one celebrated mathematician as likely, in favorable circumstances, to enlarge the boundaries of science by new discoveries. While adverting to this department, I may add, that it has been the decision of the committee to recommend the separation of the mathematics from merely practical science, and to establish a distinct professorship of experimental philosophy; and the committee are not without knowledge of several individuals, any one of whom would probably fill the yet vacant office with credit and success. With respect to the financial prospects of the College, suitable public announcement will soon be made. It may well be expected that Manchester should come forward in the first instance; and although the list of present subscribers has been but imperfectly exhausted, many applications having yet to be made, about £300 a year has been added to the income of the College, by increasing subscriptions in Manchester alone. These circumstances we may surely plead as encouragements in the course we have yet to pursue. And when we remember that we have not to create a new institution, but simply to carry out the spirit and practice, not of one or two, but of several that carry us back to the past: and when we see around us, here, gentlemen who are representatives of many of these successive institutions, and know that we are still guided by the wisdom of their counsels, it would be an infidelity to experience not to be of good heart in the altered locality in which we are placed. I see here one friend, at least, whose academic days were spent at Warrington; others who remember Daventry; others again who were educated at Manchester, before the College came to this city, to win the gratitude which so many rejoice to express this day;—links, all, of a living chain, that shall bring down, we trust, the noble spirit of former times into the more genial, perhaps enervating, period in which we live.'

We will add a few words respecting the history of an Institution in which our English brethren take so deep an interest. When, in 1785, the Academy at Warrington, and about the same time, the one at Hoxton, together with another at Exeter, ceased to exist, it became a subject of anxious inquiry with the class of Dissenters most friendly to freedom and enlightened views of religion, how their churches were to be supplied with ministers; the result of which was the establishment of two new Colleges, the one at Hackney, and the other at Manchester. The former, though for a time it enjoyed an unprecedented degree of patronage, was, for causes we need not state, in a few years discontinued. The latter, established in 1786, flourished with various success, first, during the period of twelve years, under the direction of Rev. Dr Barnes; next, for five years, with Rev. George Walker at its head; and then, from 1803, when it was removed to York, to 1840, under the charge of Rev. Mr Wellbeloved. Agreeably to a vote of the Trustees in December last, its location is hereafter to be at Manchester; and by a recent royal grant, as we have before remarked, the students are to have the privilege of receiving the customary academic honors at the London University. Three of their number have already been admitted, at this University, to the degree of B. A. To the office of Principal and Theological Tutor, corresponding to that of President and Professor in our Colleges, the Rev. Robert Wallace has been appointed; and we are happy to find the friends and patrons of the Institution so hopeful as to its future prosperity and usefulness. Certainly, they have reason to feel a deep interest in it, and to exert themselves to the utmost of their power in its behalf; for to what other source are they to look for ministers to supply their churches? The miserable bigotry and exclusiveness of the Church of England still keep the doors of Oxford and Cambridge shut against every one who will not subscribe to her formularies; and of all the Dissenting colleges, which are many, there is not one, save that which we are particularly noticing, where it is not required of students to profess, before admission, a belief in theological dogmas to which no liberal Christian could conscientiously assent. True, in the University of London, opportunities for high intellectual culture are offered, unincumbered by any ecclesiastical restrictions; but that Institution has no theological department. It is only at the Manchester College that our brethren in England, as it is at Cambridge alone that we, can find a system of government and instruction, under which young men can pursue their studies for the ministry, unshackled by sectarian creeds. Both these Institutions, God be thanked, are guiltless of every sort of infringement on the right and duty of free inquiry; the students of both enter upon, and prosecute to the end, their studies unfettered; and in every period of their course, are not only permitted, but encouraged to examine personally and thoroughly every subject and to form their own conclusions, holding themselves answerable fortheir faith, neither to any man,nor to any body of men, but solely to conscience, to Christ, and to God. Can wise and good men, in an age like this, fail to perceive and feel the greatness of the claims of such Institutions, or withhold from them their respect, their sympathy, and their co-operation?

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Airs of Palestine, and other Poems. By John Pierpont; Boston: James Munroe & Co. London: John Green. 1840.

With the knowledge we had, in common with most of our readers, of Mr Pierpont's numerous poetical productions, we were prepared to find the volume, sometime ago promised, and now before us, far above the common run of miscellaneous collections, abounding in specimens of native energy and grace, and evincing an accomplished taste, an independence of thought and feeling, and a deep, pervading spirit of freedom, patriotism, and piety, which it does not often fall to our lot to meet with in the multitude of fugitive productions which swarm about us; and certainly we have not only not been disappointed, but our expectations have been more than answered. Indeed we have seldom, if ever, derived from a book of American poetry, all the pieces of which were from one and the same mind, so much pleasure as this has afforded us. True, the author is evidently more at home in some departments of poetry than in others; even in his productions of the same class there are palpable inequalities; nay, it would seem as if, while he generally wrote as a poet ought because the power of inspiration was upon him, he at times made verses merely because he felt it his duty to be poetical. Nevertheless, the contents of the volume are, with few exceptions, admirable; and, to pass from greater to less, we thank the publishers for conveying them to us on paper and in a type, rarely equalled on this side of the water. One word as to the variety to be found in the book which the title page does not indicate. Besides the 'Airs of Palestine,' with which all readers of poetry are familiar, there are six Poems under the head, 'Miscellaneous;' nine Hymns for the Lord's Supper and Christmas; twenty two Hymns for Ordination, Installation, and Dedication; thirty four Hymns and Odes for Charity and Temperance Occasions; eight Funereal Pieces; eleven Hymns and Odes for Anniversary, Centennial and other Celebrations; eight Patriotic and Political Pieces; and ten compositions, entitled, 'Gleanings.' We subjoin the concluding paragraph of the Preface.

'If poetry is always fiction, there is no poetry in this book. It gives a true, though an all too feeble expression of the author's feelings and faith,—of his love of right, freedom, and man, and of his correspondent and most hearty hatred of every thing that is at war with them; and of his faith in the providence and gracious promises of God. Nay, the book is published as an expression of his faith in *man;* his faith that every hue, written to rebuke high-handed or under-handed wrong, or to keep alive the fires of civil and religious liberty,—written for solace in affliction, for support under trial, or as an expression, or for the excitement, of Christian patriotism or devotion; or even with no higher aim than to throw a little sunshine into the chamber of the spirit, while it is going through some of the wearisome passages of life's history,—will be received as a proof of the writer's interest in the welfare of his fellow men, of his desire to serve them, and consequently of his claim upon them for a charitable judgment, at least, if not even for a respectful and grateful remembrance.'

TEMPERANCE ALMANAC.

The Temperance Almanac of the Massachusetts Temperance Union, for the year 1841, has been sent us. It contains, besides the matter commonly to be found in Almanacs, many articles intended to help forward the great cause of temperance. We hope it will have a wide circulation and do all the good it was designed to effect. We copy the following remarks on the POOR HOUSE.

With all the improvements in the construction of buildings, laying out of grounds, neatness, order, economy, &c., the *poorhouse* is the POORHOUSE, still, to those whose misfortunes or misdoings have placed them within its high fence. It is like the bed of the sick, which cannot be made easy or pleasant. We can with fine philosophy imagine it a comfortable place, that the inmates are well fed and clothed, and have no care, and ought to be happy; but let us imagine ourselves pushed and crowded by untoward circumstances to its opening door, and our muscles are drawn and heart-strings tightened with an instinctive and unconquerable resistance to enter. The walls seem like a tomb to us, and the ornamental shrubbery are like curls upon a coffined face. We may swell the evils of intoxicating drinks in loss of property, of character, of kindness; we may count the blows, the hungerings, the watchings and varied exposures; but when the *poorhouse* receives the mother and her babes, that mother has felt the screws of distress orce down its keenest and severest pressure, and alchohol and the runseller obtained their last and most exquisite triumph. The heart then yields its reserved fountains, the eye which had long been dry pours forth afresh its briny waters, and that mother, whose strength had held ont amid the ruins of *home*, finds no power to move; her very soul sickens, her children become a burden, and death itself is disarmed of its terrors. At the poorhouse door she buries her last hope, her pride, her will, and her pleasure. She has become the subject of legal and forced charity; feels that she is regarded as a public burthen; her living is to be measured out to her upon the strictest economy, and herself to be visited by the guardians of the town, her own friends and early associates as a public pauper; her children to be ruled and trained by others, to be put out to service by town authority, and their fortunes to be meted out by strangers. So long as private charity or the sympathy of kindred or neighbors could be rallied in her behalf she kept her *home*, where she had her children and they were *hers*, and, though wretched in the extreme, it was still HER HOME; but what she had long feared came at last; the charity which had endured long had failed her, and her home is the POORHOUSE. It is not a sin to be poor, or to be a drunkard's wife or his children, or to go to the poorhouse; but it is a grief, sorrow and agony to the victim too often felt but cannot be described, and it is by no means a slight consideration that her husband drank at a licensed tavern or grog-shop.

It is estimated that there are *ten thousand* drunkards in this Commonwealth, and the public returns of the Secretary show about EIGHT THOUSAND paupers in the poorhouses from intemperance. Three-fourths, probably, of the eight thousand are women and children, women who have felt just the sorrow and despair above described, and children who are to come up in the world as they can under public authority, who are first to be mortified by the calls of every visiter, and then will grieve at the recollection that their parents died and were buried from the poorhouse. It is not our wish to lessen the value and importance of the poorhouse in the minds of any one, or turn away his anxiety to make it comfortable and healthful and pleasant as possible. Nor would we increase the reluctance of any one to accept of such a home when others fail, but we do wish to have the community regard this feature of the evil of intemperance as one of marked character. Too many say, 'O! well, they can go to the poorhouse, where every thing is comfortable. It is the best place for them. Let them be sent there, and then we shall pay in proportion.' As if *going there* was a trifling affair. Benevolence weeps over this indifference, and philanthropy remonstrates against it. Remove the cause of this poverty as fast and far as possible, alleviate it when and where it comes, in spite of your efforts, and remember, IT IS NOT A TRIFLE TO GO TO THE POORHOUSE.

Bacchus. An Essay on the Nature, Causes, Effects and Cure of Intemperence. By Ralph Barnes Grindrod. First American from the third English Edition. Edited by Charles A. Lee, A. M. M. D. 'The Land mourneth because of drunkenness.' New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham Street: 1840.

We were glad to find on our table a copy of the above work presented by Messrs Weeks, Jordan & Co. The Editor of this Edition, very justly observes in his advertisement, that the

work 'needs no commendation of our own.' The fact that out of nearly twenty, which were presented, the prize of one hundred sovereigns, offered by the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, for the best essay on this subject, was awarded to this by Mr Grindrod, is a sufficient guarantee to the merit of his work. The original Essay makes a volume of 454 pages, to which is added a valuable appendix of 50 pages by the American Editor, containing an interesting history of intoxicating liquors in the United States, and brief extracts from some of our most important temperance documents. We have not had leisure to give the work the thorough reading we intend to, and which we are satisfied it will well repay, but from a careful examination of the abstract presented in the table of contents, and the perusal of five or six of the chapters, it strikes us as altogether the most complete work upon the subject that has been presented to the public. We should probably differ from the author in some of his conclusions, and in parts of the reasoning by which he arrives at them, but this does not hinder us from perceiving, that he has done great service to the cause of humanity, of benevolence, and is entitled to our respect and gratitude for his labors. The Essay appears to be written in a calm, Christian spirit, and embracing, as it does, every inquiry or suggestion, bearing, however remotely, upon its main topic, gives evidence of indefatigable research on the part of its author. It is a vast collection of facts and arguments. In the portions of it we have read, we met with no extravagant statements or declamation, no denunciations or bitterness of spirit. It is addressed to the reason and conscience, and we commend it to those, who would have these guiding faculties of the soul awakened and instructed upon the great subject of which it treats.

We shall present our readers with some extracts in another paper. Our limits to day will not permit any.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE A. U. A.

Topsham, Me., Aug. 24, 1840.

Dear Sir,—Notwithstanding the storm of a religious excitement which has visited our village, lasting more than twice the number of days and nights of the deluge, the prudence and Christian bearing of our minister and of our Society generally have had the effect not only to preserve our peace and strength, but to induce some to come to us who were heretofore unknown to us. We also continue to have a good attendance from College, and many who worship with us are manifesting an unusual interest in Unitarian views. Our Society is gradually increasing; and we have no hesitation in saying, that so long as Mr W. remains with us we shall prosper. He is gaining the respect of all denominations, and there is a better feeling prevailing toward our Society. We have pleasure in adding, that there is a growing interest among our members in practical religion; and the day is not distant, we trust, when we shall be able to contribute to the ripening of the fields around us. We feel much obliged to you, for the interest you have taken in our behalf, and would tender, through you, our grateful acknowledgements to the Association of which you are Secretary.

With much respect and esteem, — —

For the Register and Observer.

Messrs Editors,—In a late number of your paper, you gave an account, whether quoted from another paper or not I do not remember, of the doings at the last Cambridge Commencement, in which is printed at length the Psalm which has been for many years sung after dinner by the assembled company. It is on this Psalm that I wish to say a few words. The custom of singing a part of Psalm 78 on that occasion is a good and beautiful one, and will, I hope, be continued for centuries; but I hope also that the medley of a version which is now sung as Psalm 78, will be discontinued at once and forever. It is taken from Belknap's Collection, and in that collection is ascribed, and truly, to 'Tate and Watts.' But why Dr Belknap should have compounded this Psalm in the way he has, taking three verses from Tate and Brady, and three from Watts, when either of those versions separately was unexceptionable in itself, and taking also verses from one version which only repeated the thought of the other version, I cannot conceive. Belknap begins with Tate, though slightly altering, and unnecessarily, the first line, which in Tate is, 'Hear, O my people! to my law,' &c., and in Belknap is, 'Give ear, ye children! to my law,' &c. The whole of the verse is as follows.

> 'Give ear, ye children, to my law
> Devout attention lend;
> Let the instructions of my mouth
> Deep in your hearts descend.

And then two more of Tate's verses are given. Next comes Watts. But what have we from Watts? A continuation of the subject? No, Messrs Editors, but the first and third verses of the Psalm over again in different words. Any one who will look into Watts may see that his first verse of Psalm 78 runs thus;

> 'Let children hear the mighty deeds
> Which God performed of old;
> Which in our younger years we saw,
> And which our fathers told.'

In this verse are contained the thoughts of part of Tate's first verse, and of his third; and thus in the fourth of the present compound we have it all over again.

Dr Belknap's collection is a good one. I mean no disrespect to it, or to his memory. But we are all liable to mistake, and the way in which this particular psalm is made up in that collection is certainly a mistake; and there is no reason why this mistake should be repeated and perpetuated at Cambridge from year to year, when it is so easy to sing Tate alone, or Watts alone, instead of a tautological compound of both. R. Y.

ORDINATION.

Rev Mr Folsom, recently of Providence, has received an invitation, which he has accepted, to become the Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church and society in Haverhill, Mass. His Installation will take place on Wednesday the 7th of October. Sermon by Rev. Mr Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H.

ORDINATION.

The ordination of Rev. Sylvester Judd, Jr., as pastor of the East Church in Augusta, Me., will take place Oct. 1. Sermon by Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H.

NOTICE.

To the Unitarian Churches in Maine.

The Annual Convention of the Unitarian Congregational Churches in Maine will be held at Augusta, on Thursday Oct. 1st, at 4 oclock, P. M.

The annual report will be read and public addresses delivered at the Unitarian Church in Hallowell, on the same evening to commence at 7 o'clock.

The Convention Sermon will be delivered at the Unitarian church in Augusta, Friday Oct. 2d. Services to commence at half past 10 A. M.

The Churches of the denomination throughout the State are respectfully invited to be present by their pastors and delegates.

Per order.

JONATHAN COLE *Sec'ry of Convention.*

We take the following letter from the September number of 'The Western Messenger.'

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 10, 1840.

'My Dear Brother,—I write a few lines for the Monthly Record, to communicate a little information which I have picked up in my travels during the last two months. I left Louisville June 16th, on the New York. At a meeting on the Saturday night previous, the Louisville church adopted a Constitution, by which it obtained for the first time, a regular organization. I consider something of this sort very essential to the religious prosperity of a society. After leaving you at Cincinnati, we got slowly on, the river being low and the weather hot. You saw in the newspapers an account of the boat's company being poisoned. We had great reason for gratitude at our escape from this diabolical attempt. On the passage I studied again the Epistle to the Romans, and was particularly struck with the Demosthenic compactness of its style. This Epistle is the foundation of the theology of the Western Church, as the Gospel of John is of the Eastern. At Wheeling I saw some Unitarian friends, who are anxious for preaching—but I could not stop with them, but took the stage to Pittsburgh, through Washington county, one of the richest and most beautiful districts of Pennsylvania.—From Pittsburgh I went to Meadville, where I found that the society, under the pastoral care of Brother Emmons, was in a flourishing condition.—There seemed to be an inquiring spirit prevailing in the community, and a desire to listen to our doctrines. I thought it would do no harm to gratify it, and accordingly preached a number of discourses, stating and defending the views of Unitarians, which were attended by good sized audiences. In this way I preached fourteen sermons during the twenty-six days which I passed in Meadville. After this I left Meadville, and took the good steamer Buffalo, at Erie, for Chicago. It not being my purpose to describe natural scenery, I shall say nothing of Mackinaw nor the great lakes. We reached Chicago in safety in five days. I found that the Unitarian society here have had no preaching since Mr Harrington left for the East. They were very glad to meet once more, though they have nothing but a Hall to assemble in. Finding that the doctrinal lectures had done good in Meadville, I determined to try the same course in Chicago; and we have had large and increasing audiences. Last night the Hall was quite full. I have preached eleven sermons during the sixteen days I have spent in Chicago and its vicinity. Two of these, however, were delivered at Geneva, on Fox river, about forty miles distant, where there is a small Unitarian society, who enjoy the labors of Mr Walworth, a Christian preacher of ability and a true spirit. I would be glad to have you send him the Messenger regularly. He promises to try to get some subscribers.—it seems to me that Unitarians and Christians should unite together wherever they can do so. The country on the Fox river is so very beautiful, that I am tempted to forego my resolution, and expatiate on its advantages.—Beautiful, high and rolling prairies, covered with rich and soft grass, amid which the full-fed cattle are lazily mumbling their food—groves and clumps and oak openings, scattered here and there in most picturesque variety,—swift streams, running over gravelly bottoms,—plenty of game, both grouse and deer, and large bass and pike in the lakes and rivers—natural roads, running smoothly over prairies and winding under the trees, where no tangled undergrowth nor blackened stumps distort or mar the beauty of the scene—little villages, neat, painted white, sprinkled along here and there; and heavy harvests of yellow grain, waving wide over the broad plains; all this gives even the feeling of being in an old settled country; and we are astonished to learn that *five years ago*, not a white man's cabin sent up its smoke over the whole district, now filled full with the industrious farmers of New England and New York, and that even now the land has not been in market, so that the occupants of whole towns are in fact *squatters*. But our idea of squatters is very much changed when we see such a people as this, industrious, intelligent and refined.—We learn in Chicago that Mr Harrington has received $1,100 in New England for a church, and expects to make it $1,500. They have collected here in two days over $1,000, and confidently expect $1,500. J. F. C.

DOMESTIC.

The Monument Fair At Boston.—We have said nothing heretofore of this Fair—not, certainly, one of the least attractions among the many presented at the recent great gathering of the clans in Boston.

Quincy Hall, in which the Fair was held, extends over the great granite market, and more than two thirds of the whole of it were occupied for the Fair. The length of the successive apartments must be several hundred yards—and yet the whole space, leave the centre free, was occupied by the exhibition.

Perfect order and regularity prevailed. The price of admission was 25 cents; the first day it was 50 cents; and from this source alone, some thousands of dollars will be realized. The whole conducting of the Fair was in the hands of the ladies—they sold, and they received payment. At each stand, however, were stationed two gentlemen, acting as marshals, to preserve order, and prevent the possibility of any indecorum.

The different towns were represented by ladies—natives thereof; and Salem, Gloucester, Beverly, Worcester, where honest John Davis's wife presided and other towns, were designated by their name and escutcheon—which naturally attracted the eyes and contributions of the numerous visiters from each, that the great occasion had brought together in Boston.

We spent some hour or two most agreeably at the Fair, in the character of an observer, and can truly say that we never witnessed anything more successful than the manner in which the business was carried on, nor more agreeably becoming than the whole tone and conduct that prevailed among visiters as well as exhibiters. The receipts from the Fair, though large, will probably be insufficient, with all the aid of the entrance money, and from contributions from a distance, to make up the sum for the monument. It will approach so near however, we apprehend, that Boston will not allow the balance that may be wanting, to stand in the way of its rapid completion.

We have heard objections started to the interference of the ladies, in so public a manner, to aid in accomplishing a great national work. We dissent from such views, and honor the patriotism and spirit which prompted them to the undertaking.

It is not, be it remembered, a party proceeding—but one that concerns all of true American feelings—and the men of Bunker-Hill died not for their own sex only, but for principles which constitute not less the glory and safety of a nation than the happiness of families.

It was a social, not less than a civil and political victory to which Bunker-Hill led the way, and it is altogether fitting, in our judgement, that those, who are the grace and ornament of social life, should take part in accomplishing the perennial monument that is to record household, as well as national, gratitude and reverence.

We rejoice, therefore, that it is to the influence and exertions of Woman, we are to be indebted for the completion of the sacred Bunker-Hill column.—*New York American.*

Nunnery in Baltimore.—The imposing ceremony of taking the white veil was performed recently in the Church attached to the Carmelite Nunnery, in Aisquith street, Baltimore. The church was well filled with spectators, who seemed to take a lively interest in the fate of the youthful being who was about to sever herself voluntarily from the world and join the rigid and austere order of the Carmelites. The young lady is Miss Julia Wilcox, of New York, now called Sister Johanna. This is the fifth ceremony of the kind which has taken place within the last nine months.

Drunkenness and its Consequences.—The Capt. of the Lord William Bentrick, which was recently lost on the rocks of Bombay, and a number of lives lost, is said in English papers to have been drunk at the time, and that he was killed by falling down the main hatchway soon after the ship struck.

The Africans of the Amistad.—We gather the following facts concerning these unfortunate persons, from the Connecticut Observer:

They are now at Westville, two or three miles from New Haven, where they have the benefit of the open air. Perfect health prevails among them. Thirty six of them are yet alive and a more cheerful, healthy set of men can no where be found. In learning to read, they exhibit indefatigable perseverance. Study is the main business of the great majority of them. The more advanced are able to read the New Testament intelligibly: They are rapidly learning to speak our language; and some of them have recently commenced writing.—Their mental powers are fully equal to those of our own race. With one or two exceptions, they all have active minds, and are quick, shrewd, intelligent. They possess deep and warm affections. Their love of Africa and home is very strong; in reply to a question put to two of the most intelligent of their number, the instant and deep-feeling answer was, 'Tell the American people that we very, very much want to go home. Poor fellows, who can doubt it? They are also uncommonly susceptible of religious impressions The truths of the Bible they have already learned exert a greater or less influence on all of them. To a great extent they are in the habit of daily social prayer, and over some of them, a sense of right exerts a controlling influence. They came here savages: but by the divine blessing on the labors used with them they are now become civilized, and it is hoped Christian men.

Expense is incurred in their instructions. The committee appointed to provide their instruction is already in debt, and needs the aid of the Christian community. Shall they have it? Are there not many who will deem it a privilege to assist in redeeming them from intellectual and spiritual bondage, and preparing them to become heralds of salvation to their countrymen? Who knows but God in his wise and holy Providence has thrown them upon our hands, for the very purpose of making them his most honored ambassadors to the dark continent of Africa? Present indications certainly encourage such an expectation. Amos Townsend of New Haven, is treasurer of the committee—and any funds committed to him will be faithfully appropriated.

United States Bank.—We copy the following paragraph from the Philadelphia Inquirer and Courier of Saturday morning:

We learn with pleasure that an arrangement is now in progress between the United States Bank and other Banks in Philadelphia, which is likely to have considerable effect in reviving public confidence. In order to facilitate and render certain a general resumption of specie payments, the Philadelphia Bank has offered to loan the U. S. Bank $1,000,000—the Bank of Pennsylvania has made a similar offer, and a proposition to the same effect was yesterday before the directors of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. The U. S. Bank is indebted to each of the others, both in bank notes held by them and balances. The plan is, for the smaller banks to return notes payable on demand, to the extent of $1,000,000 each, and to receive in exchange post notes payable in a year, or longer if necessary. This will of course reduce the liabilities of the U. S. Bank, and greatly assist her in the resumption of specie payments. It is believed that the other banks of Philadelphia will also participate in this generous work, and thus assist in bringing about a condition of things so earnestly desired by all who wish well to the business and character of Philadelphia. The details of the arrangement have not, as yet, been thoroughly arranged, but we believe it is contemplated to effect a reduction of the immediate liabilities of the larger bank, to the extent of four or five millions. The Eastern banks have professed great willingness to assist Philadelphia in the work of resumption, and it is to be hoped that, if necessary, they will now act in the spirit of their professions. The best understanding exists among the monied institutions of Philadelphia at the present time, and the prospect is certainly encouraging. Our money market continues easy.

FOREIGN.

Latest from Europe.—By the arrival of the Britannia, at this port from Liverpool, on the morning of the 18th, we have news eighteen days later than before. The news by the British Queen, at New York did not reach us till after the arrival of the Britannia, which left Liverpool on the 4th, three days later than the Queen.

Our summary of news, is selected from various journals.

The Britannia brought out 16 mail bags, and over 20,000 letters!—the largest number ever brought out by a single vessel. She also brought out 86 passengers to Halifax and 70 to Boston.

The news is not of great importance. Affairs look less warlike than they did at the last accounts. The London Sun of the 18th ult. says:

'The general impression in Paris on Sunday was, that the peace of Europe would not be disturbed.'

There is something of a war of words between the French and English papers, but it will not probably amount to much.

Liverpool was visited on the 16th ult. by one of the most severe storms ever known there at that season of the year. It was accompanied by torrents of rain, and at times the wind blew a perfect hurricane.

The Thames tunnel is now completed to the banks of the river, and will be opened, it is said, in four or five months.

Lord Falkland, the new Governor of Nova Scotia, lady and suit, came in the Britannia to Halifax. Lady Falkland is a daughter of the late King, William IV., and Mrs Jordan. His lordship was received with great ceremony at Halifax. the troops were all paraded, and salutes were firing when the Britannia left.

The Paris papers of Sunday night, 30th ult., contain the following announcement:

'News received by the Government from Alexandria states that the Viceroy of Egypt has replied by a refusal to the notifications which Rifaat Bey was charged to make to him; the Pacha has declared that he would repel force by force, but that he would commit no act of aggression.'

Rifaat Bey, it will be remembered, quitted Constantinople on the 7th ult. bearer of the quintuple treaty and the ultimatum of the five Powers. The Pacha has valiantly taken up the gauntlet, and war is now the result.

Turkey.—The London Chronicle of the 3d says: 'The letter of our correspondent in Constantinople represents the Turks to be preparing for a serious and formidable campaign. Forty vessels have been chartered to convey troops and stores to the Syrian coast, and two ships of war, with three frigates under the command of Capt. Walker, were to sail in the same direction.'

The War in French Africa.—The Arabs are every day showing fresh audacity in the Regency of Algiers. Their surprise and slaughter of the detachment of 125 men the other day have given them courage.

Advices from Algiers to the 23d inst., mention a sharp attack as having been made on Cherchel during the night of the 15th. The Arabs drove in the outposts and took a fortified mirabout close to the Algiers gate of the place. This was afterwards retaken by the French at the point of the bayonet, and the Arabs driven off with 80 killed and a great number wounded. A French gun boat in the bay fired on the assailants.—The Arabs were commanded by the Bey of Medeah. The loss of the French was 18 killed and 12 severely wounded.

Spain.—This unhappy country is still in a disturbed state. The new Spanish Ministry has resigned.

The Austrian Observer, of the 28th ult., announces the departure of the British and Austrian squadrons from the west of Syria.

China.—Canton newspapers to the 26th of April had been received by the Aden steamer, which arrived at Falmouth, Aug. 21. They state that in the event of the English attacking the Bogue, it is the intention of Gov. Lin to destroy the suburbs of Canton, and to put the city itself in a state of defence. The population of the suburbs is larger than that within the walls, and comprises the most industrious portion of the inhabitants. An edict has been issued by the Canton authorities forbidding any ship to enter the Bogue whose papers have not been previously forwarded to Canton, and a formal permission to proceed to Whampoa received in return.

France.—The trial of Louis Napoleon will not commence till the 1st October.

His father, the Count de St. Leu, (Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland,) has addressed the following letter

'*To the Editor of the Courier Francais:*

I entreat you to receive the following declaration:—

I am aware that a recourse to publicity is at once singular and improper, but when a father, afflicted, aged, ill, and an exile, cannot otherwise assist his unfortunate son, such a recourse can be but approved by all those who have a father's heart.

Convinced that my son—my only remaining son—is the victim of an infamous intrigue, and has been seduced by vile flatterers, false friends, and perhaps insidious advice, I cannot remain silent without a breach of duty, and without exposing myself to the most bitter regrets.

I declare, then, that my son, Louis Napoleon, has, for the third time, fallen into a frightful snare, into a horrible, premeditated snare, since a man, not entirely void of intelligence and good sense, could never have, of his own accord, rushed headlong into such a precipice. If guilty, entirely the most truly guilty are those by whom he has been urged on and misled.

I moreover declare with horror, that the insult inflicted on my son, by confining him in the prison of an infamous assassin, is a monstrous, un-French piece of cruelty; that it is an outrage as vile as it is insidious.

As a father deeply afflicted, as a good Frenchman who has passed through the ordeal of thirty years' banishment, as the brother, and, if I dare say so, the pupil of him whose statues are once more being raised to their pedestals, I recommend my misled and seduced son to his judges, and to all those who possess a French and a paternal heart. Your subscriber,

LOUIS DE SAINT L.U.'

The French papers give minute details of a visit which Louis Phillippe intended to pay to Boulogne, to thank the inhabitants of that place for their loyalty in arresting Louis Napoleon. His Majesty was prevented from landing from the steam-frigate in which he embarked, by the violence of wind, waves and rain. He landed at Calais, went thence by land to Boulogne, reviewed the troops, held a levee, made several speeches, and had an interview on the stair-case of an inn, with Romeo Coates, of which the correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle says—

Mr Coates, immediately upon the Queen's arrival, surrendered his apartments to her Majesty's convenience. Last night, as the Royal pair were ascending the stairs of the hotel, they encountered Mr Coates, and the King very graciously thanked him for his politeness. Mr Coates, who is an enthusiastic old gentleman, answered by shouting in French, 'Long live the King and Queen! Prosperity to France and England, and eternal peace between them!' The sentiments were repeated by the many persons in attendance; and after all others were silent, the King himself exclaimed, in a very loud voice, and, as if to enhance the compliment, in the English language—'Prosperity to England and to France: eternal peace between them; and while I live, peace between them there shall be.' His Majesty afterwards translated his words into French, and they were heartily responded to by his suite. This circumstance has produced a wonderful impression here, and one that has unquestionably served His Majesty with the Boulonnais.

Horrors of the Slave Trade.—'There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart.' This seems nearly as true now, as when Cowper first said it. The following is an extract of a letter published in an English paper. The Boston Courier in publishing it says, 'it gives a slight but dreadful picture of the traffic in human flesh, which is now carried on upon the shores of Africa. Notwithstanding the show of humanity in the British parliament, in reference to the negroes in their West-Indian plantations, the slave-trade still exists, in all its unmitigated calamities:

'*Sierra Leone*, June 18, 1840. The slave-trade is by no means extinguished upon this coast; it is however, more covertly conducted. From the most accurate sources of information, I can fairly state that not one out of seven slave-ships is caught by the British cruisers. There is more secrecy, but the trade is nearly as frequent as before, but more profitable, and for that reason more alluring. A few days ago I visited a captured slaver. In a space which a moderate sized French bedsted would occupy, I have seen forty-five unhappy wretches packed, without regard to age or constitution, like herrings in a barrel. I saw them fed after they had been captured. On a shell about the size of a half-crown piece was deposited a pinch of salt, for which a father and four children contended, each endeavoring to scramble a portion to eat with his rice. I have seen four children packed in a cask that I thought it impossible to contain one. The statements which your orators in both Houses of Parliament exhibit of the suffering of these unhappy people are faint outlines of their appalling misery. Unless some efficient system be adopted, Africa will long continue to cry out with tears of blood to her European brother man for his interposition and protection. The Spaniards and Portuguese are indefatigable in promoting the trade in slaves. Strange that the Roman Catholic as well as Protestant Powers of Europe do not interpose and prevent this great blot upon their religious creed.

The Jews.—some of our London papers furnish accounts of new charges against the Jews. A letter from the frontiers of Poland, dated August 24, published in the Leipsic Gazette, states that—

A circumstance, which lately took place in the town of Tarnow, had created a great sensation, and recalled public attention to the alleged occurrences at Rhodes and Damascus. It would appear that, 'on the arrival of the Archduke Charles in that town, there was a general illumination ordered, which attracted many peasants from the neighboring villages; amongst others was a fine young woman, who wore a handkerchief round her head. She was accosted by a Jew, who pulled off her handkerchief and ran away with it. She followed him, whom she considered a thief, to the Jews quarter, where she suddenly found herself surrounded by a number of Jews, and from that time she was not heard of for some weeks, nor until she appeared before the commissary of police to make a complaint, which has been transmitted to the superior court at Lemberg.' She states that 'when she was surrounded by the Jews, she was dragged into a house, and thence into the cellar where she was bathed in a vat. A Jewish surgeon then came, and carefully examined her person, he bled her in the arm, and preserved the blood in a vase. The young woman having observed that she was carefully examined by a female, to see whether she had any wound, or stain, or blemish on her person before the surgeon bled her, determined to cause one, which she did by rubbing her knee against the bathing-tub in which they placed her. The next time the surgeon came, he saw the wound, and declared (according to the Jewish phraseology) that she was unclean, and on the same night she was carried to and left in the churchyard, where she was found the following day.' This is the young woman's account. She has identified the Jewish surgeon who bled her, and the young woman who examined her person, and the cicatrice where she was bled is visible. The criminal court has not yet decided on the case. The young woman has no witnesses, and the accused declare that the charge is false. We have before us the details of a somewhat similar occurrence, at Iwaniska, in the palatinate of Sandomir, in Poland, some years since, and transmitted to us with the foregoing, in which, however, the alleged victim was a Christian boy, three years old, and who had been murdered. The narrator, however, states a circumstance irreconcileable with the story given in the Leipsic Gazette, namely, that the parties guilty of or accessory to the murder, required that the victim should be of the male sex.

Another paper gives the following extract from a letter received by an eminent merchant, resident in London, from his son, who is now at Constantinople. The innocent Jews of Rhodes have been honorably acquitted of the foul charges brought against them, and justice has been administered by the Porte, through his Excellency Reschid Pacha, by deposing the Governor of Rhodes, who so inhumanly lent himself to oppress and torture the calumniated Jews:—

'*Therassia, July* 22, 1840. When I last had the pleasure of writing to you, on the 17th inst., I informed you that from the evidence I had succeeded in getting from Turks of undoubted veracity, about the affair of the Jews of Rhodes, I had strong hopes that the judgement which was soon to be given, would be in their favor. I cannot express to you the satisfaction I now feel, at being able to inform you that on the 20th inst. the case came on for final judgement before the Council of Justice at the Porte, and that after a full and patient investigation, the Jews were honorably acquitted of the charge brought against them by the Greeks, of having abducted a Greek boy, for the purpose of murdering him and using his blood for the Passover. The Porte, to show its justice, and the abhorrence it felt of the cruelties exercised against the Jews by the Pacha of Rhodes, has desposed him, and thus has done all in its power to atone for the misconduct of its servants. Will the European Powers do as much with their servants, the consuls, who as I before informed you, were most active in causing the Jews to be tortured and imprisoned? Lord Ponsonby has been most kind and strenuous in his efforts to have justice done to the Jews, and exerted his powerful influence to get them all they asked, viz. a fair hearing, which, thanks to his Excellency Reschid Pacha, they have obtained.'

The Boston Morning Post of the 21st inst. contains a very pleasant article from a London Correspondent, from which we give the following brief extracts.

Prince Louis Napoleon.—Previous to his departure from London, Prince Louis gave orders for all his valuable furniture, plate, pictures, statutes, and other property, to be sold under the hammer. In pursuance of these instructions they were recently sold, and brought high prices, though by no means equal to the value placed upon them by the Prince. The most valuable article in the collection was the original bust of Napoleon, when Consul, executed by Canova, which sold for £232 11s. It was considered a very fine piece of sculpture, and there was a great competition for it. A portrait of St. Cecilia, by Carlo Dolce, brought £106 1s. A gold pin, with a pearl set in brilliants, (a most splendid article, and which, I presume, is the same which I have often seen the Prince wear, for he was always loafing about town, the same as myself, and could be seen almost any day in Hyde Park,) was sold for only £16! A casket of cameos, formerly the property of the Empress Josephine, were put up in separate lots, to accomodate the numerous titled purchasers, who were anxious to possess something which belonged to the Bonaparte family. Prometheus bearing off the heavenly fire, a magnificent cameo of very large size, sold for £36 15s. A pair of ear-rings which had been presented by Pius VI. to Josephine, during the first campaign in Italy, in 1790, brought £46 4s. Several beautiful pictures by the old masters brought from twenty pounds to one hundred.

[It is probable some of the above are the articles which it is said were sent to sale by mistake, and the sale of which was so great a cause of regret by the prince.]

Gambling in high life.—The gambler is a despicable creature; his private virtue sinks to the lowest ebb and he is a pest to society—he dies in misery and receives the pity of no individual, however humble—but if such be the character of the ordinary gambler, what is that of the man, who, possessing the secrets of his government, speculates thereupon? who takes advantage of the peculiar state of affairs between one country and another, and throws the dice, like a conjurer, knowing full well what he will win by the throw? knowing full well the ruin he will bring upon those who play with him? A wretch indeed is such a man, who should be lashed naked through the world. Such a man has taken advantage of state secrets, so say the French Journals openly, and has first created a panic, and then profited by it! Such a man ought to be scouted from society, and blackened with lashes thickly put on. And who is this man? *The King's minister*—his friend and companion—his adviser and dictator!—Yes, the ministers and their friends have been openly accused of corrupt jobbing with the funds. 'How disgraceful is it,' says an English journal before me, 'to France, that a connection between gamblers at the Bourse and the bureau of its ministers, is so repeatedly said to exist, and that the same persons who turned to profit in the money-market the revolution of July, now gain heavy sums by the alarm of war.' But what remedy is to be found? The frame-work of society is demoralized in France, and where men have sown the seeds of revolution, they will not lose the opportunity of securing a golden harvest.

Mr Sparks.—I had the pleasure of meeting Mr Jared Sparks a few days since. He is actively engaged in gathering important documents connected with a History of the Revolution, and other works which he intends to publish, should his life be spared to finish them.

To show with what dispatch my letters go to America, I have only to quote a line or two from a letter written by my efficient agent, Mr Hale, of the New York News Room, August 8th. He says—'Your parcel of letters came to me in my private bag from Bristol, and were received two hours before the mail was sorted They were duly dispatched to their several destinations—that for Mr Greene went to Boston on Sunday afternoon, so that he was reading it in sixteen days after it left your hand—not a single letter was received in Boston till the day after Mr Greene published yours.'

☞ Subscribers will please to correct the numbering and date of last week's paper, and make it read—Sept. 19th, instead of 15th, and No. 38, instead of 37.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 21st inst. by Rev. E. S. Gannett, Mr Jos. S. Fay, of Savannah, to Miss Sarah S. daughter of John Bryant, Esq. of Boston

On the 22 inst. by Rev. Mr Ellis, Mr Francis H. Flagg, of Tallahasse, Florida, to Miss Nancy D. Elwell, eldest daughter of Capt. David Elwell, of Boston.

Mr William P. Lamson to Miss Martha M. Nolen.

22d inst. by Rev. Mr Lord, Mr Horace G. Rodgers, of Dorchester, to Miss Lucy Jane L. Clapp of Boston.

In this city, on Tuesday evening 15th inst. By Rev. Dr. Parkman, Mr Geo. B. Jones firm of Jones, Low's & Ball, to Miss Esther L. Cutter.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 21st Sept. Mrs. Margaret, wife of the late Hon. Woodbury Stow of Portland, Me. 75,

In this city, Francis H. son of the late Thomas Williams Esq. 38.—John Bradford 21.

In Dorchester, 19th inst. Mr Elisha B. eldest son of Mr Jesse Bird of this city, 29.

In Marblehead, on Tuesday 11th inst. Dr. William Goodwin, 65 a highly estimable citizen, and greatly lamented.

In Philadelphia, 18th inst. Professor C. S. Rafinesque, for many years a resident of the city, and the author of several scientific, and literary works.

In Texas, in July, Capt. Henry H. Loring, formerly of the U. S. Army.

Number of deaths in this city for the week ending Sept. 19, 53; Males 29, Females 24.

ENGLISH BOOKS, received by the Britannia, and for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, Booksellers, 112 Washington street:—

Memoirs and Literary Remains of Sir James Smith, 2 vols, 8vo—Life of Queen Victoria from her birth to her bridal, 2 vols 8vo—Nautical Almanac for 1841—Journal of a Naturalist, 8vo—Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, 3 vol 8vo—Westwood's Sequel to Kirby and Spence—Kirby and Spence's Entomology, 4 vols 8vo—the Rose Amateur's Guide—Greuze's Naval Architecture, 4to—Salmonia, by Sir Humphrey Davy—Somerville on the Physical Sciences—Turton's Manual of Shells—Milne's Poems, 2 vols 8vo—do Poetry for the People, 8vo—Starke's Elements of Natural History, 2 vols, 8vo—Blaine's Cyclopædia of Rural Sports, 8vo—Bowdler's Family Shakspeare, 2 vols—do do, 10 vols 12mo—Life of Sir James Mackintosh, 2 vols 8vo—Gardener's Melodies from the music of Nature, 8vo—Music and Friends, 2 vols 8vo—Lardner's Geometry, 16mo—Gillie's Aristotle's Rhetoric, 2 vols 8vo—do Ethics and politics 8vo—Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 3 vols—Deering's Horace—Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places, 8vo—do Rural Life in England, new edition, 8vo—Leedley's Horticultural and Botanical Works—Guide to Orchard and Kitchen Garden—London's Agricultural Magazine, 5 vols 8vo—Repton's Landscape Gardening—Sydney Smith's Works, new edition, 3 vols 8vo—Ure's Geology, 8vo—do Philosophy of Manufactures, 2 vols 8vo—Westwood's Classification of Insects—do Entomologist's Text Book—Talbot's Faust 8vo.

Persons wishing Books from London, by next steam packet, will please hand in their orders in season.

Sept 26.

THOMAS'S REMINISCENCES and Sketches of his Life and Times—Reminiscences of the last sixty-five years, commencing with the battle of Lexington—also, sketches of his own life and times, by E. S. Thomas, formerly editor of the Charleston, S. C. Gazette—2 vols.

This day received and for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington street. Sept. 26.

NORMAL SCHOOL AT LEXINGTON.—The Fall Term of 15 weeks will commence on Wednesday the 9th day of Sept. next.

The design of this Institution is to prepare Females for Teaching.

Applicants may be admitted at any part of the Term, provided they can join a class. The conditions of entrance are, 1. Certificate of good intellectual and moral character; 2. Age at least 16 years; 3. Professed intention of becoming a Teacher; 4. Satisfactory Examination in the Common Branches.

The shortest time of continuance with the School is one year, but qualified pupils may have leave of absence to teach during the summer term.—Tuition gratis: Board $2 per week.

C. PIERCE, Principal.

Lexington, Aug. 15.

TWENTY CASES FASHIONABLE NEW GOODS.—Consisting of Shawls, Silks, Mousseline de Laines, Chalies, &c. Just received by E. F. NEWHALL, 141 Washington street. sept 26

PER BRITANNIA.—*New English Books.*—The Seven Ages of Shakspeare, beautifully illustrated; the Parish Sketch Book, by Mr Fitzmarsh, with numerous designs by the author, on wood; The Epicurean, a Tale, and Alciphron, a Poem, by Thomas Moore, with vignette illustrations; Religion and Politics, or ought Religious men to be Political?; Parliamentary Speeches, during the session 1840; Tales of the Kings of England, by Stephen Percy; Hope on, Hope Ever, by Mary Howitt; The Ball I live on, or Sketches of the Earth, by Emily Taylor. Just received and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington street. sept 26

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, for 1841; Friendship's Offering for 1841; Juvenile Forget me not; Miss Leslies Birthday Stories; Two Years Before the Mast, by Richard H. Dana, Jr.; Quodlibet by Solomon Second-Thoughts; Jonas a Judge, by Jacob Abbott; Bacchus, a Prize Essay on Temperance; The Cultivator's Almanac; Pierpont's Poetical Works; Architecture of the Heavens; &c. &c. &c. Just received and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. sept 26

CHARADES.—Original Charades, prepared for the Fair in Aid of the Bunker Hill Monument, held in Boston, September 1840. By Miss H. F. Gould and others. For sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington street. sept 26

FOR BOY'S CLOTHES.—Very stout mixed Cloths and Cassimeres at uncommon low prices suitable for Boy's wear, may be had at KIMBALL & PHELPS, 28 Washington street. s 12

NEW CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN.—The first principles of Religion for the use of young Children. 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven'—4th edition, London. Price 75cts. per dozen. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. 26

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.—The Annals of Quodlibet, by Solomon Second-thoughts, Schoolmaster, 12mo

Jonas a Judge, or Law among the Boys; by Jacob Abbet.

Two Years before the Mast, or Life at Sea; by R. H. Dana, jr.

Pierpont's Poems, 12mo

The Token, for 1831

Friendship's Offering, for 1831

The Stage, before and behind the Scenes, by Alfred Bunn, 2 vols

The Man at Arms, by G. P. R. James, 2 vols

Hope on, Hope Ever! by Mary Howitt

Strive and Thrive, by Mary Howitt

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. s26

ENGLISH BOOKS,—by the Britannia.—Roscoe's Spanish Novelists, 3 vols

Murphy on Electricity, 8vo

Thomson on Heat and Electricity, 8vo, plates

Motley's Life of Peter the Great, 3 vols 8vo

Brunk's Aristophanes, 4 vols

Gillie's Aristophanes, 2 vols 8vo

Bentley's Works, 3 vols 8vo

Museum Criticum, or Cambridge Classical Researches; by Maltby

Blomfield, Monks, Porson, &c, 2 vols 8vo

Hayward on Horticulture, 12mo

Diary of Thomas Burton, Member in Parliament of Oliver and Richard Cromwell, 4 vols 8vo

Memorial of Shakspeare, 8vo

Speeches in the Parliament of 1840, 8vo

Religion and Politics, by Rev Thos. Spencer, 12mo

A Letter to the Bishop of London on his Lordship's high opposition to the proposed Reformation of Laws of Clerical Subscription

The Influence of General Knowledge favorable to the Cause of Religion; by the Rev Mortimer Maurice

Materialism in Religion or Religious Forms and Theological Formulas

Goodman's Court of King James the First, 2 vols 8vo

Shelley's Essays and Letters, 2 vols

Unitarianism Confuted, 8vo

This day received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. s 26

ANOTHER LOT of those cheap stout mixed Cloths and Cassimeres, suitable for Boys' wear, just received at No. 28 Washington street. Also, real Welsh Flannels, warranted

POETRY.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent house! once filled with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days!
My children's birth-place! yet for me,
It is too much to look on thee!

Too much! for all about thee spread
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings, for what might not stray;
For love which ne'er deceived thy trust,
For all which went with 'dust to dust!'

What now is left me but to raise
From thee, lorn spot! my spirit's gaze,
To lift, through tears, my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

Oh, many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shades from things gone by
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved mein
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said,
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres!
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The severed wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good and true!
No change can cloud my thought of you;
Guide me like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high!

THE APPLE-TREE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Let them sing of bright red gold;
Let them sing of silver fair;
Sing of all that's on the earth,
All that 's in the air;
All that 's in the sunny air,
All that 's in the sea;
And I 'll sing a song as rare
Of the apple tree!
The red-bloomed apple-tree;
The red-cheeked apple-tree;
That 's the tree for you and me,
The ripe, rosy apple-tree;

Learned men have learned books,
Which they ponder night and day;
Easier leaves than theirs I read—
Blossoms pink and white;
Blossom-leaves all pink and white,
Wherein I can see
Charactered as clear as light,
The old apple-tree;
The gold-cheeked apple-tree;
The red-streaked apple-tree;
All the fruit that groweth on
The ripe-rosy apple-tree;

Autumn comes and our good-man,
Soon as harvest toil is o'er,
Speculates on apple-crops,
Be they less or more;
I could tell him; less or more
Is well known to me;
I have eyes that see the core
Of the apple-tree;
The old, mossy apple-tree;
The young, glossy apple-tree;
Scathed or sound, the country round,
I know every apple-tree!

Winter comes, as winter will,
Bringing dark days, frost and rime;
But the apple is in vogue
At the Christmas-time;
At the merry Christmas-time
Folks are full of glee;
Then they bring out apples prime,
Of the primest tree;
Then you the roast-apple see,
While they toast the apple-tree,
Singing with a jolly chime,
Of the brave old apple-tree!

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

We have heard of the sameness of domestic life. He must have a dull head and little heart who grows weary of it. A man who moralizes feelingly, and has a proneness to see a beauty and fitness in all God's works, may find daily food for his mind even in an infant. In its innocent sleep, when it seems like some blessed thing dropped from the clouds, with tints so delicate, and with its peaceful breathing, we can hardly think of it as of mortal mould, it looks so like a pure spirit made visible for our delight.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy, says Wordsworth. And who of us, that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard, never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about everything, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances, and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life, and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

When children are lying about, seemingly idle and dull, we who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructers and formers of their characters for life.

And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner, digging a lilliputian well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies, and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children, with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him, as I have of revolting toward another, who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing towards children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter, attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men, than to be disliked of children.

When my heart has been full of joy and good-will at the thought of the blessings of home, and at the remembrance that the little which is right within me was learned there—when I have reflected upon the nature of my enjoyments abroad, and cast them up, and found them so few, and have then turned home again, and have seen that its pleasures were my best lessons of virtue, and as countless as good, I have thought that I could talk of it forever.—*Dana.*

ILLUSTRATION OF THE BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

I have before me two stones, which are in imitation of precious stones. They are both perfectly alike in color; they are of the same water, clear, pure, and clean; yet there is a marked difference between them, as to their lustre and brilliancy. One has a dazzling brightness, while the other is dull, so that the eye passes over it, and derives no pleasure from the sight. What can be the reason of such a difference? It is this. The one is cut but in a few *facets*; the other has ten times as many. These *facets* are produced by a very violent operation; it is requisite to cut, smooth, and polish. Had these stones been endued with life, so as to have been capable of feeling what they underwent, the one which has received eighty *facets* would have thought itself very unhappy, and would have envied the fate of the other, which, having received but eight, had undergone but a tenth part of its sufferings. Nevertheless, the operation being over, it is done for ever: the difference between the two stones always remains strongly marked; that which has suffered but little, is entirely eclipsed by the other, which alone is held in estimation, and attracts attention. May not this serve to explain the saying of our Savior, whose words always bear some reference to eternity: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'—Blessed whether we contemplate them apart, or in comparison with those who have not passed through so many trials. Oh! that we were always able to cast ourselves into his arms, like little children,—to draw near unto him, like helpless lambs,—and ever to ask of him, patience, resignation, an entire surrender to his will, faith, trust, and a heartfelt obedience to the commands which he gives to those who are willing to be his disciples.—*Oberlin.*

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

To the Editors of the Evening Post.

You must have noticed the remarks of Campbell, the poet, made in the General Anti-Slavery Conference in London, about the American poets. The objectionable matter in his otherwise excellent speech was this. In asking the literary men of America to write on the subject of slavery, he said to the delegation from The United States, 'but tell them not to let it be in verse. The Americans have noble heads for prose; among them they have the first writers in the world—but in verse—ah! I will say nothing; it may do very well to run upon all-fours, but it cannot rise.'

This speech Campbell never should have made, for many reasons—it was unjust and indelicate, and had the fact been true, Campbell is the last man who should have said anything about it. Our feelings as Americans were injured. I was a member of that Convention, and I heard these remarks with pain. After it I saw the poet at his own house on several occasions, and he often introduced the subject, and said much about it. He seemed to be deeply grieved and mortified at the course he had taken, and requested me to make his peace with my countrymen. He said that he had not the faintest idea of making a speech or saying one word, when he entered the convention—was not used to addressing public assemblies—was troubled with nervous excitement, which exceedingly agitated him when he spoke, and that it was in an unguarded moment he made, as he termed it, 'that odious and indelicate speech.' He asked me if I supposed his speech would be generally known in America. I told him it would be printed in very many papers, and severely criticised. 'Well,' said he, 'will your countrymen forgive me if I repent?' I said, 'we are not destitute of generous feelings in America, and although I am sorry you made the speech, yet I doubt not that when your feelings are known across the water, you will be still loved and admired by our people.'—'Well,' said he, 'I will make all the atonement I can; I will write you a note authorising you to tell what my feelings are, requesting you to make the facts of the case generally known.'

On my next visit he placed such a communication in my hands, and it was a magnanimous and generous confession of the wrong he had done. He requested me to make its contents known if necessary. I found on my return to America a wide and general feeling of grief and surprise at the speech, and it is due to Campbell, that these facts be also published. During my residence in the metropolis I saw the illustrious poet often, and at each interview he conversed about his speech. He manifested the deepest grief and bound me to act on his defence. He expressed great love for our country and its institutions, and desires to visit our shores, but says, that he never expects to enjoy that pleasure. It may be proper to say, that Campbell has always been a warm friend of America. Long ago when we were traduced by the whole tribe of reviewers in Great Britain, Campbell espoused our cause against their combined influence. He has cordially received our literary men who have visited England, and extended to our countrymen his hospitality. After the kindness I experienced from him, and the sincere grief he displayed for what he said, and the warm and deep regard he cherishes for America, I felt that I could not do justice to my own feelings if I neglected to make this communication. And I am happy to be made the guardian of Campbell's fame in the land of Wyoming.

THE TWO ROSES.

We translate from a late French Journal, the following singular case, which was brought last spring before the justice of the peace of the fourth district in Paris. The object of the dispute was two white roses, whose withered leaves had long since been dispersed to the winds.

Madame Gallien, (mantua-maker)—I demand thirty francs (six dollars) damages, from Miss Flora Minvile, for having caused me to lose an order worth one hundred and fifty francs.

The Judge.—Explain the facts.

Madame Gallien.—Yes, sir. About two months ago, Miss Leontine de Crillon was to be married to the Prince of Clermont-Tonnerre; the marriage gifts were to be magnificent. I received an order to make a dress for the bride; it was to be a *chef d'œuvre*. Splendid lace, pearls, gimp—all the marvels of the art of dressmaking were to be united. But something more rare at that time was wanting: it was a natural white rose—a *rose* at the end of February!

The Judge.—And Miss Flora engaged to procure one for you?

Madame Gallien.—Yes, sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells them to the great milliners of the capital. I went to her, and she promised to let me have one of the two roses she then possessed for twenty-five francs, which was to be paid on delivery. I depended on her promise, but she did not keep it faithfully; for I did not receive the rose, and for that reason they refused to take the dress.

The Judge.—(To Miss Flora)—Why did you not deliver the rose?

Miss Flora.—with timidity—It was not my fault. The evening before the day on which I promised the rose to Madame Gallien, a shower which took place during my absence, made the flower expand, and some hours afterwards nothing remained of it but the stem. What I tell you is the truth.

The Judge.—I believe you, young girl. But the second rose, could you not have delivered that?

Miss Flora.—(with tears in her eyes)—Oh! as to that one it was not promised. Madame Gallien would certainly have accepted it, for it was the more beautiful of the two. But I could not give it. It was destined to my mother.

The Judge.—Was it her birth-day?

Miss Flora.—(sorrowfully)—No, sir, it was the anniversary of her death. (Profound sensation in the auditory.) Each year I lay on her tomb one of those white roses which she so much loved. This year I did the same. I said to myself, the bride will be as handsome with a flower less, and my poor mother shall again today have her favorite rose.

Here Miss Flora shed abundant tears, and Madame Gallien, endeavoring to console her, said to the judge—'Stop the cause, sir, it is wrong for me to molest the poor girl for a good action; let us say no more about it, it is a misfortune that cannot be helped. All that I wish for compensation, is to have a daughter like Miss Flora.'

The justice of peace, much affected, sent away the parties without any further trial.

THE NATCHES SUFFERERS.—The Cincinnati Gazette says, 'it appears from the printed Report of the Chairman of the Committee appointed to receive contributions for the relief of the sufferers by the Tornado at Natchez, that the entire receipts amount to but 15,084. This, while a foreign dancing girl has pocketed some $50,000 for showing her knees 47 nights to the *ladies* and *gentlemen* of our four principal Atlantic cities!

A GROGGERY IN DAVID'S TIME.—The Rev. Mr Pierpont in his address at the Tabernacle was sure that there were groggeries in David's time, in the lanes and alleys of Jerusalem, with little red curtains before the windows. He was confident there was a description of the dramseller in the tenth psalm, which he read with great effect. It is commended to such as are in the trade.

Verse 6. He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved; for I shall never be in adversity.

7. His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud; under his tongue is mischief and vanity.

8. He sitteth in the lurking places of the village, in the secret places doth he number the innocent, his eyes are privily set against the poor.

9. He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net. (*His shop.*)

10. He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones. (*His strong liquors.*)

11. He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten; he hideth his face, he will never see it. —*Temperance Union.*

IMPORTANCE OF INDIVIDUAL ACTION.

He said he had a dream, which, like other dreams, did not wholly explain itself, and in which some of the natural objects had the power of speech. He was travelling near the sources of the Monongahela, and, in passing over a rough country, at every short distance, met a little stream, which he could step over; but all of them were going the same way. At last, he asked one, where he was going?—'Why,' replied the little rill, 'I am going to New Orleans. I heard the people there want a great canal, a thousand miles long, and fifteen hundred feet wide, and I am going to help make it.' 'And pray what can *you* do?' I can step over you. 'What can you do?' 'I don't know what I can do, but I shall be there.' And so saying, it hurried on.

He came to another, and asked the same question, and received the same answer. All were hurrying on to make the grand canal, in which the steam ships of the West, with their heavy burdens, were to be transported. On the heads of the Alleghany, the Scioto, and the Mississippi, he found thousands more of little streams, hurried on by the same impulses, and which, while he yet spoke to them, passed out of sight. None knew what he could do, but all were determined to do something. He passed on, till he came to the mighty Mississippi, and there he found the canal was made! The noble steam-ships rode proudly on its surface, and, as its waters diminished, they were again replenished to the brim, by every mountain-spring and every stream. Thus do the little rills make the stream, the stream, the river, till the united waters of the whole pour on their way, rejoicing, to the glorious ocean. So is man to the mass, and the mass to the grand tide of human affairs. Each little mortal, weak and weary, though he be, can do something in making up the mighty stream of human events, as it rolls on to the ocean of eternity.—*Beecher.*

MOUNT AUBURN.

A rural Cemetery seems to combine in itself all the advantages which can be proposed to gratify human feelings, or tranquilize human fears; to secure the best religious influences, and to cherish all those associations which cast a cheerful light over the darkness of the grave.

And what spot can be more appropriate than this, for such a purpose? Nature seems to point itout with significant energy, as the favorite retirement for the dead. There are around us all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur; the forest-crowned height; the abrupt acclivity; the sheltered valley; the deep glen; the grassy glade; and the silent grove. Here are the lofty oak, the beech that 'wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,' the rustling pine, and the drooping willow; the tree, that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our transitory gloom; and the evergreen, with its perennial shoots, instructing us that 'the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue.' Here is the thick shrubbery to protect and conceal the new-made grave; and there is the wild-flower creeping along the narrow path, and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of the wilderness, broken only by the breeze as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler pouring forth his matin or his evening song.

Ascend but a few steps, and what a change of scenery to surprise and delight us. We seem, as it were in an instant, to pass from the confines of death to the bright and balmy regions of life. Below us flows the winding Charles with its rippling current, like the stream of time hastening to the ocean of eternity. In the distance, the city—at once the object of our admiration and our love—rears its proud eminences, its glittering spires, its lofty towers, its graceful mansions, its curling smoke its crowded haunts of business and pleasure, which speak to the eye, and yet leave a noiseless loneliness on the ear. Again we turn, and the walls of our venerable University rise before us, with many a recollection of happy days passed there in the interchange of study and friendship, and many a grateful thought of the affluence of its learning, which has adorned and nourished the literature of our country. Again we turn, and the cultivated farm, the neat cottage, the village church, the sparkling lake, the rich valley, and the distant hills, are before us through opening vistas; and we breathe amidst the fresh and varied labors of man.

There is, therefore, within our reach, every variety of natural and artificial scenery which is fitted to awaken emotions of the highest and most affecting character. We stand, as it were, upon the borders of two worlds; and as the mood of our minds may be, we may gather lessons of profound wisdom by contrasting the one with the other, or indulge in the dreams of hope and ambition, or solace our hearts by melancholy meditations.

Who is there, that in the contemplation of such a scene, is not ready to exclaim with the enthusiasm of the poet,

'Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,
Where a green, grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!'

* * * * * *

The voice of consolation will spring up in the midst of the silence of these regions of death. The mourner will revisit these shades with a secret, though melancholy pleasure. The hand of friendship will delight to cherish the flowers and the shrubs that fringe the lowly grave, or the sculptured monument. The earliest beams of the morning will play upon these summits with a refreshing cheerfulness; and the lingering tints of evening hover on them with a tranquilizing glow. Spring will invite thither the footsteps of the young by its opening foliage; and autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of learning and science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the selfishness of avarice will be checked; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees 'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,' will ackowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame.

But that which will be ever present, pervading these shades like the noon-day sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, amidst all these lesson of human mortality, of the high truth, that we are beings, not of time but of eternity; 'that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. That this is but the threshhold and starting point of an existence, compared with whose duration the ocean is but as a drop, nay the whole creation an evanescent quantity.—*Story.*

TORTURE.—The pangs of the Inquisition have been more than revived in modern days. The following are some of the horrid punishments with which the innocent Jews of Damascus have been within a year so afflicted. The statement is given on the authority of the Rev. Mr Peiritz, a Hebrew teacher in London, who has latterly visited Damascus.

1. Flogging.
2. Soaking persons in large tanks of cold water, in their clothes.
3. The head machine, by which the eyes are pressed out of their sockets.
4. Tying up tender parts of the body, and ordering soldiers to twist and horribly dispose them into such contortions that the poor sufferers grow almost mad from pain.
5. Standing upright for three days, without being allowed any other posture, not even to lean against the walls; and when they fall down aroused up by the by-standing sentinels with their bayonets.
6. Being dragged out in a large court by the ears until the blood gushed out.
7. Having thorns driven in between the nails and the flesh of the fingers and toes.
8. Having fire set to their faces till their beards are singed.

VALUABLE SUGGESTION.—Many a person has died of accidental wounds, surrounded by kind friends, overwhelmed in sorrow for the untimely death, because they never once thought, until it was too late, that the end of the finger pressed upon the spot where the blood is seen issuing, would stop it in a moment. And yet this would seem to be the most natural thought that could enter one's mind. But it does not enter the mind. Few ever think of it in the perturbation of the moment. And it is important that every one should have it fixed in his mind beforehand, and teach it to his children, that the great point in a wound is to stop the blood in an instant, if it be profuse. Life depends on instant action. If nothing can be done till the surgeon is called, the person is dead. Any one can stop the blood as well as he. Let the first who sees the bleeding wound thrust in his finger without delay of an instant, and press with firmness on the bleeding point, and it stops. If it is a deep wound, he can feel the jet of blood, and know where to put his finger. And when the blood is stopped, the person is safe, at least, for the time; but the finger must be held fast till the surgeon comes to tie the vessel. This will require some decision, 'tis true, but who would not do it to save the life of a fellow being?

EASTERN PARABLE.—A man was travelling in Syria leading his camel by the bridle. Suddenly the animal is seized with a panic of fear—he raises himself with impetuosity, foams and bounds in a manner so horrible that his master abandons him in anguish and tries to save himself. He perceived at some distance from the road a deep stream, and as he still heard the fearful neighings of the camel, he sought a refuge there and fell over the precipice. But a shrub held him up. He clung to it with both hands, and cast on every side his anxious eyes. Above him is the terrible camel, of which he does not lose sight for a moment. In the abyss below is a dragon who opens his monstrous jaws, and seems waiting to devour him. At the side of him, he perceives two mice, one white, the other black, who gnaw in turn at the root of the shrub, which serves him for a support. The unfortunate man remains there, frozen with terror, and seeing no retreat, no means of safety. Suddenly, on a little branch of his shrub, he discovers some fruit. At that moment he ceases to observe the rage of the camel, the jaws of the dragon, the frightful activity of the mice. He reaches out his hand towards the fruit, he gathers it, and in the sweet taste forgets his fears and his dangers.

Do you ask who is this mad man who can forget so quickly a mortal peril? Learn then, friend, this man is thyself. The dragon of the stream, is the ever open abyss of death. The camel represents the sorrows of life. The two mice who are gnawing at the roots of the shrub, are day and night, and in this situation the fruit of pleasure attracts you. You forget the anxieties of life, the threatenings of death, the rapin succession of day and night, to seek the plant of voluptuousness, on the borders of the tomb!

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Boston, Feb. 22, 1840. 1y

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